YOUNGBLOOD #7
"BOYS OWN STORIES" (24 PAGES)

PAGE 1.
PANEL 1.
A SIX PANEL PAGE TO START. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE HAVE A VERY TIGHT CLOSE UP OF SHAFT'S FACE, LOOKING TENSE AND DETERMINED, MAYBE WITH A TRICKLE OF SWEAT ROLLING DOWN HIS BROW AS HE GAZES AT SOMETHING OFF PANEL. THE TWO TAILLESS CRACKLE BALLOONS JUST HANG THERE IN SPACE, INTERSPERSED WITH SHAFT'S OWN BALLOONS.
TAILLESS CRACKLE BALLOON : Shaft?
SHAFT : Yeah.
TAILLESS CRACKLE BALLOON : This is Leonard. You're in downtown WASHINGTON, right?
SHAFT : Yeah.

PANEL 2.
PULL BACXK FROM OUR LAST SHOT SO THAT WE NOW SEE SHAFT FACING US ROUGHLY HALF FIGURE. HE STANDS WITH HIS BACK TO A CITY WALL ON WHICH THERE IS A POSTER FOR THE YOUNGBLOOD MOVIE, AS SEEN IN THE SHAFT EIGHT PAGER IN THE YOUNGBLOOD SPECIAL: "THEY KILLED HIS PARTNER...NOW HE'S GOING TO ROCK THEIR WORLD!" WITH A BIG PICTURE OF BADROCK ON THE POSTER. WE CAN'T SEE A LOT OF IT HERE SINCE SHAFT IS STANDING IN FRONT OF IT. STILL LOOKING VERY TENSE AND DETERMINED HE IS JUST LETTING FLY WITH AN ARROW THAT HURTLES OUT OF THE PANEL TOWARDS US. HE'S OBVOUSLY FIGHTING SOMEONE OR SOMETHING OFF PANEL, BUT WE CAN'T SEE WHO OR WHAT IT MIGHT BE. IT IS NIGHT TIME.
TAILLESS CRACKLE BALLOON: Yeah, well, listen, I'm going OUT tonight, okay? JOHNNY'S working in the lab, so he'll take care of the place.
TAILLESS CRACKLE BALLOON : Hey, you see what happened to the mansion WALL and the main GATE?
SHAFT : Yeah.

PANEL 3.
SAME SHOT. NOW, STREAKING INTO VIEW FROM SOMEWHERE OFF PANEL IN THE FOREGROUND WE SEE A NUMBER OF HIGH IMPACT EXPLOSIVE SHELLS FIRED FROM SOME SORT OF BIG AUTOMATIC WEAPON AS THEY TRACE A LINE ACROSS THE WALL IN THE BACKGROUND WHERE SHAFT WAS STANDING JUST A SECOND AGO. ALL WE SEE OF SHAFT HERE IS MAYBE ONE OF HIS OUTFLUNG HANDS AS HE DIVES OFF PANEL RIGHT, AHEAD OF THE BULLETS. WE CANNOT TELL WHETHER HE'S BEEN HIT OR NOT. THE TAILLESS CRACKLE BALLOONS JUST HANG THERE IN THE AIR, UNPERTURBED BY THE OFF PANEL GUNFIRE.

PAGE 1.

PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

TAILLESS CRACKLE BALLOON : Oh. Okay.

TAILLESS CRACKLE BALLOON : Well, anyway, I don't know what time I'm gonna be BACK.

TAILLESS CRACKLE BALLOON : TWILIGHT said she'd drop in during her NIGHT PATROL, and I think RACHEL'S working at the HOSPITAL...

F.X. (HEAVY GUN FIRE) : *SPAK! SPAK! SPAK! SPAK!*

PANEL 4.

SAME SHOT AS LAST PANEL. NOTHING IS MOVING. THE POSTERON THE WALL IN THE BACKGROUND HAS BEEN BLASTED TO DANGLING SHREDS BY THE GUNFIRE LAST PANEL, WHICH HAS LEFT POCK MARKED CRATERS IN THE WALL, BLUE TWISTS OF CORDITE SMOKE STILL RISING FROM THEM HERE. NOTHING MOVES. THE TAILLESS CRACKLE BALLOONS STILL HANG THERE IN THE AIR.

TAILLESS CRACKLE BALLOON : Shaft?

TAILLESS CRACKLE BALLOON : I just got a lot of POPPING on the line.

TAILLESS CRACKLE BALLOON : Shaft? You still THERE, man?

PANEL 5.

SAME SHOT. SLOWLY, CLUTCHING AT THE WALL OR SOME OTHER NEARBY PROP FOR SUPPORT, SHAFT SLOLWY DRAGS HIMSELF UP TO HIS FEET, UP INTO VIEW FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE PANEL. HE HAS OBVIOUSLY SPLIT HIS LIP DIVING FOR COVER, VWITH A TRICKLE OF BLOOD FROM ONE CORNER OF HIS MOUTH. HIS EYES STLL LOOKS STEELY AND ANGRY AND DETERMINED AS HE GAZES OUT OF THE PANEL AT WHATEVER JUST SHOT AT HIM.

SHAFT : Yeah.

PANEL 6.

NOW SHAFT SUDDENLY LEAPS INTO ACTION, WITH MAYBE ONLY HIS FEET VISIBLE HERE AS HE LEAPS OUT OF VIEW, OR PERHAPS JUST HIS HAND UPON SOME CONVENIENT AUTOMOBILE TOP OR SOMETHING AS HE VAULTS DECISIVELY OUT OF THE PANEL. THE TAILLESS CRACKLE BALLOONS STILL CONTINUE TO JUST HANG THERE.

TAILLESS CRACKLE BALLOON : Uh-huh. Well, you sound pretty BUSY, so I'll let you GO.

TAILLESS CRACKLE BALLOON : Oh, incidentally, your PRACTICE robot, CUSTER. I souped him UP, like you ASKED.

TAILLESS CRACKLE BALLOON : Did you get a chance to try him OUT yet?

PAGE 2.

PANEL 1.

NOW A FULL PAGE PICTURE. IN THE FOREGROUND WE SEE SHAFT, SOMERSAULTING GRACEFULLY HEAD OVER HEELS, IN MID-AIR AND

PAGE 2.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

MAYBE EVEN UPSDE DOWN HERE. HE IS EFFORTLESSLY FIRING ARROWS FROM HIS BOW HERE AS HE DOES THIS. WE ARE IN A BUSY CITY INTERSECTION IN DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON AT NIGHT. IN THE BACKGROUND, RUNNING AROUND ON A BERSERK RAMPAGE, TRAMPLING CARS AND SMASHING BUILDINGS AND FIRING ITS AUTOMATIC WEAPON WE SEE ***CUSTER***, THE GIANT WOODEN ARTISTS DUMMY MODEL THAT WE SAW SHAFT SPARRING WITH BACK IN ISSUE ONE. THIS IS A SOUPED UP VERSION OF CUSTER, BUT IT STILL LOOKS THE SAME BASIC ABURD ARTISTS' MANNEKIN SHAPE IT ALWAYS DID, ONLY MAYBE A LITTLE BIGGER AND WITH A BIGGER GUN. ITS CERTAINLY DOING A SPECTACULAR AMOUNT OF PROPERTY DAMAGE AS IT GOES ON ITS MIDNIGHT RAMPAGE. PEOPLE ARE RUNNING AWAY SCREAMING IN ALL DIRECTIONS AS THE HUGE CREATURE SMASHES INTO NEON SIGNS, SHOWERING THE STREETS WITH SPARKS AND GLASS.

SHAFT : Yeah.
LOGO : *SHAFT*
OVERALL ISSUE SUBTITLE : **BOYS' OWN STORIES 1 :**
CHAPTER TITLE : ***"..AND I DON'T HAVE A WOODEN HEART."***

PAGE 3.

PANEL 1.

NOW A FOUR PANEL PAGE, PROBABLY WITH FOUR SAME SIZED HORIZONTAL PANELS STACKED ON TOP OF EACH OTHER HERE. IN THE CENTRE FOREGROUND OF THIS FIRST PANEL, STANDING OR CROUCHING FULL FIGURE AND FACING MORE OR LESS AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THE PANIC-STRICKEN AND NEON-LIT NIGHT STREETS IN THE BACKGROUND, WE SEE SHAFT. HE IS FIRING SOME SORT OF EXPLOSIVE CONCUSSION ARROW TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND, WHERE WE SEE THE BIG WOODEN ROBOT AS IT COMES RUSHING STRAIGHT TOWARDS US AND SHAFT, CHARGING US. THE ROBOT IS SOME WAY OFF HERE, SO THAT BEING A DISTANCE AWAY DOWN THE STREET, IT LOOKS ABOUT THE SAME SIZE AS THE FOREGROUND SHAFT HERE. HIS CONCUSSION ARROW HITS THE WOODEN ROBOTS CHEST AND EXPLODES SEEMINGLY HARMLESSLY, NOT EVEN APPARENTLY SLOWING THE MANNEKIN DOWN. TERRIFIED PEOPLE FLEE IN ALL DIRECTIONS IN THE BACKGROUND AS SHAFT BRAVELY STANDS HIS GROUND AGAINST THE ONCOMING ROBOT.

CAPTION : Actually, this isn't FUNNY. CUSTER was a formidable piece of hardware even BEFORE Leonard IMPROVED him.

CAPTION : As it IS, I switch him ON, he drop-kicks me through a WINDOW, busts his way out of the MANSION and comes to TOWN.

CAPTION : Maybe one of these new CONCUSSION ARROWS will do the trick.

PANEL 2.

SAME SHOT, WITH SHAFT STILL STANDING HIS GROUND, FACING AWA FROM US IN ROUGHLY THE CENTRE FOREGROUND. STILL RUSHING

PAGE 3.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

TOWARDS US FROM THE BACKGROUND COMES CUSTER. HE IS STILL SOME WAY OFF, BUT HE'S CLOSING FAST, SO HE'S SUDDENLY A LOT BIGGER LOOKING THAN HE WAS LAST PANEL. SHAFT IS BUSILY FIRING ANOTHER ARROW AT CUSTER HERE, A DETERMINED LOOK ON HIS FACE IF WE CAN SEE IT.

CAPTION : Nope.

CAPTION : Of course, mostly this is MY fault. My mind's not on the JOB lately. To be HONEST, I'm starting to get this thing about LINDA.

CAPTION : I mean, it's really BAD. Girls in MAGAZINES, I draw little STARS around their eyes.

CAPTION : Let's try a SMOKESCREEN arrow, maybe screw his SENSORS up.

PANEL 3.

SAME SHOT. SHAFT, STILL STANDING HIS GROUND IN THE FOREGROUND, IS LOOKING PERTURBED AND FROWNING AS HE TRIES TO FINS SOME OTHER SUITABLE ARROW TO NOTCH IN HIS BOW-STRING. THE SMOKESCREEN CAUSED BY HIS LAST ARROW HANGS ACROSS THE BACKGROUND BEYOND HIM. CHARGING THROUGH IT, EMERGING OUT OF THE SMOKE AND LOOKING BIGGER STILL THAN HE DID LAST PANEL WE SEE CUSTER. HE IS SO CLOSE NOW THAT HIS HEAD AND SHOULDERS ARE OFF THE TOP PANEL BORDER AND HE'S NO LONGER COMPLETELY VISIBLE. (I WANT TO GET A SORT OF KINETIC SENJSE OF THIS HUGE MANNEKIN RUSHING IMPLACABLY TOWARDS AND GETTING BIGGER AS IT COMES OVER THESE FOUR PANELS. I HOPE IT WORKS OKAY.)

CAPTION : Uh-uh.

CAPTION : Also, the AGE thing, that's bugging me. I mean, I'm nearly THIRTY. BIOLOGICALLY, Twilight is NINETEEN. Of course, OFFICIALLY, she's in her mid FORTIES.

CAPTION : Either way, one of us is too old for the other, right?

CAPTION : Damn, there has to be SOMETHING here! Magnet Arrow, Whistle Arrow, Net Arrow, Flare Arrow....

PANEL 4.

SAME SHOT. ONLY NOW CUSTER REACHES THE FOREGROUND, SO THAT ONLY HIS FEET AND LOWER LEGS ARE VISIBLE WITH THE REST OF THE HUGE WOODEN ROBOT OFF PANEL ABOVE. AS HE BARGES INTO THE FOREGROUND, HE SWATS SHAFT TO ONE SIDE. MAYBE ALL WE SEE OF SHAFT ARE HIS LEGS AND FEET AS HE SAILS HELPLESSLY OFF ONE SIDE OF THE FOREGROUND.

CAPTION : Wait a minute.

CAPTION : WHISTLE arrow?

PAGE 4.

NOW A THREE PANEL PAGE, PROBABLY WIT THIS FIRST PANEL THE BIGGEST. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE HAVE CHANGED ANGLE SINCE OUR LAST SHOT. IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, FULL FIGURE, WE SEE THE

PAGE 4.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

BATTERED-LOOKING SHAFT AS HE PICKS HIMSELF WEARILY UP FROM THE STREET. AS HE DOES SO HE LOOKS WITH APALLED HORROR TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND, WHERE WE SEE THE GIANT CUSTER ROBOT SMASHING ITS WVAY IN THROUGH THE FRONT OF A MOVIE THEATRE. THE CINEMA, ACCORDING TO ITS HOARDING IS *NOW SHOWING: YOUNGBLOOD - THE MOVIE*. IT IS THIS THAT SHAFT IS GAPING AT IN SICK HORROR SINCE HE REALISES THERE IS NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO FOLLOW THE RIDICULOUS RAMPAGING ROBOT INTO THE CINEMA, DESPITE THE FACT THAT HE'S BEEN TRYING TO AVOID THIS MOVIE FOR MONTHS

CAPTION : Oh dear God, NO.

CAPTION : Don't say I have to follow it in THERE!

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE INSIDE THE DARKENED CINEMA. THERE IS A BIG HOLE BROKEN INTO THE WALL IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, WHICH WE ARE LOOKING DOWN TOWARDS HERE FROM AN ELEVATED POSITION. COMING IN THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE CINEMA WALL AND INTO THE DARK CINEMA WE SEE SHAFT, DOWN THERE IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND. HE IS LOOKING UP TOWARDS THE RIGHT FOREGROUND WHERE WE CAN SEE THE UPPER PARTS OF CUSTER AS HE CONTINUES TO RAMPAGE WILDLY AROUNBD THE SHADOWY MOVIE THEATRE. WE SEE CINEMA-GOERS SCREAMING AND RUNNING AS THEY HEAD FOR THE EXITS.
THE TWO SEPARATE CRACKLE BALLOONS ISSUING FROM THE OFF PANEL MOVIE SCREEN COME FROM OFF PANEL IN THE FOREGROUND HERE.

CAPTION : I SWORE. I SWORE I wouldn't come to see THIS.

1ST. CRACKLE BALLOON (OFF, F/G) : I-It's HOPELESS! We're FINISHED! Riptide's DEAD, Knightsabre DID it, and now we're under attack from CRYPT, our deadliest ENEMY!

2ND. CRACKLE BALLOON (OFF, F/G) : Pull yourself TOGETHER! You're a 'BLOOD! Together, we can all BEAT this thing!

RANDOM SCREAMING CINEMAGOER : EEEE! What IS it?

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE. NOW WE SEE CUSTER OVER IN THE RIGHT VVVBACVKGROUND, STILL RAMPAGING BLINDLY THROUGH THE DARK MOVIE THEATRE, MAYBE TEARING DOWN ITS BALCONY SEATING HERE. FACING MORE OR LESS AWAY FROM US IN THE CENTRE FOREGROUND, WE SEE SHAFT AS HE MOVES ACROSS THE TOPS OF THE SEATS, HEADED TOWARDS THE RAMPAGING ROBOT IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND, NOTCHING AN ARROW INTO HIS BOW AS HE RUNS. AS HE DOES SO, HE GLANCES ROUND AND LOOKS UP IN BEWILDERED ASTONISHMENT AT WHAT IS GOING ON UP ON THE BIG MOVIE SCREEN THAT FILLS THE REST

PAGE 4.
PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)
OF THE BACKGROUND. ON THE SCREEN, WE SEE AN ACTOR PLAYING SHAFT STANDING OVER TO THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE, HEAD AND SHOULDERS AND LOOKING ASHAMED AND DOWNCAST. THE ACTOR IS WEARING A COSTUME THATS A MORE MOVIE-IZED VERSION OF SHAFT'S REAL COSTUME, BUT HE LOOKS SORT OF WEEDY AND HIS HAIR IS THE WRONG COLOR. HE IS STANDING TALKING TO ***BADROCK***, WHO IS TO THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE ON THE SCREEN HERE. THIS IS THE REAL BADROCK, BUT HE'S BEEN GIVEN A COSTUME OR DECORATED VEST OR SOMETHING THAT MAKES HIM LOOK A LOT MORE IMPORTANT AND MOVIE-HERO-LIKE. HE SPEAKS GRUFFLY AND PATERNALLY TO THE MOVIE SHAFT WHILE THE REAL SHAFT PAUSES TO LOOK ON IN ASTONISHMENT FROM THE FOREGROUND AND CUSTER CONTINUES TO RAMPAGE IN THE BACKGROUND. CINEMA GOERS SCREAM AS THE ROBOT TEARS OR BLINDLY KNOCKS DOWN THE BALCONIES.

SHAFT IN MOVIE (CRACKLE) : Th-Thanks, BADROCK. I-I guess I kinda LOST it there.
BADROCK IN MOVIE (CRACKLE) : Don't SWEAT it, Shaft. That's why I'm Team LEADER. Now, let's shape UP. CRYPT'S out there. I'm gonna ROCK him...
BADROCK IN MOVIE (CRACKLE) : ...and I'm gonna rock him BAD!
CAPTION : Huh?
SCREAMING CINEMA GOER : AAAIEEGH!

PAGE 5.
PANEL 1.
A FOUR PANEL PAGE NOW. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE HAVE CHANGED ANGLE SO THAT BOTH THE MOVIE SCREEN AND THE GIANT RAMPAGING WOODEN ROBOT ARE OFF PANEL IN THE FOREGROUND BEHIND US. STANDING ATOP THE CINEMA SEATS, SHAFT FACES US. HE LOOKS ANGRY AS HE GESTICULATES UP AT THE OFF PANEL SCREEN IN THE FOREGROUND. BEHIND HIM, WE SEE VARIOUS TERRIFIED PEOPLE RUNNING FOR THE EXITS. THERE ARE ALSO A COUPLE OF PEOPLE WHO ARE STIL SITTING FROZEN WITH TERROR IN THEIR SEATS, INCLUDING MAYBE A COURTING COUPLE SITTING BEHIND SHAFT SOMEWHERE, HUGGING EACH OTHER AND BOTH OBVIOUSLY BUG EYED WITH FEAR. SHAFT IGNORES ALL THIS AS HE GOES INTO A RANT ABOUT THE OFF PANEL MOVIE, WITH ITS CRACKLE BALLOONS ISSUING FROM OFF PANEL IN THE FOREGROUND.

1ST. CRACKLE BALOON (OFF, F/G) : SENTINEL: distract CRYPT while we HIT him!
2ND. CRACKLE BALLOON (OFF, F/G) : Aww, MAN! He's gonna do that SCYTHE stuff on me, man! I'm gonna be CUTLETS!
SHAFT : Hey, this is CRAP! CRYPT wasn't anything to DO with the trial, and BADROCK wasn't team-leader, *I* was!
SHAFT : Also, I personally wouldn't have cast Will Smith as SENTINEL.

PAGE 5.

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE SO THAT NOW, IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, THE COURTING COUPLE HUG EACH OTHER EVEN TIGHTER AND TRY TO SHRINK BACK INTO THEIR THEATRE SEATS IN TERROR, GAZING UP TOWARDS THE CENTRE MIDGROUND, WHERE WE SEE SHAFT STANDING ON THE BACKS OF THE SEATS. HE IS TURNED TO ADDRESS THE COUPLE IN THE FOREGROUND, GESTURING TOWARDS THEM AS IF DEMANDING THEIR SYMPATHY AND SUPPORT. ON THE SCREEN IN THE BACKGROUND, WE SEE SOME HEROIC LOOKING SOT OF BADROCK IN ACTION. FROM THE RIGHT BACKGROUND, WE CAN SEE THAT CUSTER IS HEADING BACK ACROSS THE CINEMA IN HIS RAMPAGE, HEADING TOWARDS SHAFT FROM BEHIND AS SHAFT STANDS THERE ON THE SEATS OFFERING HIS CINEMA CRITICISM TO THE TERRIFIED COUPLE IN THE ROW BEHIND. SHAFT HAS CLEARLY FORGOTTEN ABOUT CUSTER'S EXISTENCE, SO OFFENDED IS HE BY THE MOVIE.

BADROCK ON SCREEN (CRACKLE)	: Don't KNOCK the ROCK, Crypt!
SHAFT	: I mean, ***I*** know what THIS is! This is BADROCK! This is that putty-colored WUSS grabbing all the CREDIT for everything!
SHAFT	: Hell, you know WHAT? He was the LEAST talented member of the team. The LEAST. Even TROLL was more useful!
SHAFT	: As for EGO, the guy was completely...

PANEL 3.

SAME SHOT AS LAST PANEL, BUT HERE THE RAMPAGING GIANT MANNEKIN REACHES THE FOREGROUND, SPLINTERING THE SEATS TO MATCHWOOD AND SENDING SHAFT'S UNPREPARED BODY FLYING OFF PANEL LIKE A LIMP RAG DOLL. UP TO YOU WHETHER WE CAN SEE THE COURTING COUPLE HERE. IF WE CAN, THEY LOOK TRAUMATIZED WITH TERROR BUT STILL PHYSICALLY UNHARMED. ON THE SCREEN IN THE BACKGROUND, THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME SORT OF LOVE SCENE GOING ON BETWEEN BADROCK AND SOME ACTRESS WHO IS PLAYING *VOGUE* FROM THE ORIGINAL YOUNGBLOOD. ANY ACTRESS YOU FEEL LIKE INCLUDING BASICALLY, OR JUST MAKE ONE UP.

SHAFT	: ...self-absorbed...
F.X. (MANNEKIN HITTING SHAFT)	: ***SHWOKK***
VOGUE (ON SCREEN, CRACKLE)	: Badrock, we may all DIE tonight. KISS me, you big, hard chunk of GRANITE!
BADROCK (ON SCREEN, CRACKLE)	: VOGUE, baby, I'm gonna ROCK you...and I'm gonna rock you BAD!

PANEL 4.

NOW, IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND, CUSTER IS RAMPAGING AWAY FROM US TOWARDS A GREEN-LIT "EXIT" SIGN IN THE BACKGROUND,

PAGE 5.

PANEL 4. (FROM OVER)

OBVIOUSLY INTENT ON SMASHING OUT THROUGH THE WALL TO THE STREET OUTSIDE. IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, WE SEE A VERY GROGGY AND BATTERED SHAFT AS HE PICKS HIMSELF UP FROM THE GROUND.

CAPTION : I KNEW coming to see this movie would be a MISTAKE. I have to take this situation under CONTROL and stop getting so DISTRACTED.

CAPTION : God, I hope LINDA never rents the VIDEO of this. I'd feel so STUPID.

CAPTION : Custer's heading for the STREET again.

CAPTION : Come ON, man. FOCUS.

PAGE 6.

PANEL 1.

NOW A THREE PANEL PAGE, WITH THIS FIRST PANEL THE BIGGEST. WE ARE NOW OUTSIDE THE CIMENA IN THE NEON-LIT NIGHT STREETS OF DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON HERE. THE CINEMA IS IN THE BACKGROUND, A GAPING HOLE IN IT WHERE CUSTER HAS JUST BURST OUT INTO THE STREET AGAIN. COMING OUT THROUGH THIS HOLE, ALREADY NOTCHING AN ARROW INTO HIS BOW, WE SEE SHAFT. IN THE FOREGROUND WE SEE THE GIANT RAMPAGING ARTIST'S MANNEKIN AS IT TRAMPLES CARS AND INADVERTANTLY TEARS DOWN OVERHEAD WIRES AS IT RUNS AMOK. SHAFT GAZES AT IT WITH A GRIM EXPRESSION AS HE EMERGES FRO THE CINEMA ACROSS THE STREET BEHIND IT.

CAPTION : There has to be SOMETHING here. BOLAS arrow, UMBRELLA arrow, GRAPPLING HOOK arrow...

CAPTION : I guess this LINDA thing is connected to that licensed Professor Night T.V. SHOW. I'd see RE-RUNS in the '70s, when I was, like, ELEVEN.

CAPTION : The actress who played TWILIGHT, Cathy WARNER, she was twenty-two and looked around fourteen. I had her PICTURES all over my bedroom WALL.

CAPTION : There was this one where she was lounging across the hood of the NIGHTWAGON. When I was eleven, I'd...

CAPTION : Jesus. I gotta CONCENTRATE.

PANEL 2.

I'M NOT SURE IF ITS STEVE DRAWING THIS SECTION OR NOT, BUT WHOEVER IT IS, I THOUGHT MAYBE WE COULD HAVE ONE OF THOSE MULTIPLE IMAGE KINETIC SHOTS THAT STEVE DOES HERE. WE SHOW MULTIPLE IMAGES OF SHAFT AS HE PERFORMS AN ACROBATIC SOMERSAULTING LEAP THROUGH THE AIR FROM THE LEFT FOREGROUND TOWARDS THE HEAD AND SHOULDER AREA OF THE GIANT ROBOT WHO IS RAMPAGING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET IN THE BACKGROUND.

CAPTION : Now THERE'S something never mentioned in superhero interviews: when you suddenly get horny for no reason and you're wearing LYCRA.

CAPTION : I know a lot of superguys have told me privately that's why they have all the long CAPES and SHIELDS and stuff.

CAPTION : Sometimes, an unusually broad UTLILITY BELT does the trick.

PAGE 6.

PANEL 3.

NOW WE CLOSE IN UPON CUSTER'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS AS HE RAMPAGES BLINDLY AND MADLY THROUGH THE STREETS, THE NEON LIGHTS SMEARING INTO BLURS BEHIND HIM WITH THE MOTION AS HE RUNS. CLINGING AROUND CUSTER'S HEAD WHILE THE BIG WOODEN ROBOT SWATS INEFFECTUALLY AT HIM WITH HIS HANDS WE SEE SHAFT LOOKING SUDDENLY WORRIED AS HE FINDS HIMSELF HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE.

CAPTION : Uh...

CAPTION : I know I had SOME reason for jumping up here.

PAGE 7.

PANEL 1.

NOW A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE HAVE A FULL FIGURE LONGSHOT OF THE RAMPAGING CUSTER. SHAFT, STILL CLINGING TIGHT TO CUSTERS HEAD, IS TRYING TO DRIVE A NUMBER OF ARROWS MKANUALLY INTO THE TOP OF CUSTER'S HEAD. DESPITE BEING SHAKEN BACK AND FORTH AS THE HUGE ROBOT ANGRILY ATTEMPTS TO DISLODGE HIM. THE NIGHT STREETS AROUND THE ROBOT ARE FULL OF PANIC AND RUNNING PEOPLE.

SHAFT : AAAAA!

CAPTION : Oh yeah. I remember. I was gonna ram these TIMER-DETONATOR arrows in the top of Custer's HEAD where he can't knock them LOOSE.

CAPTION : Then, having checked the TIMERS, I was going to somersault expertly to SAFETY, and...

PANEL 2.

CLOSE IN ON SHAFT AND THE ROBOT NOW SO THAT WE MAYBE ONLY SEE THE UPPER BODY OF CUSTER, WITH THE WHOLE BODY OF SHAFT VISIBLE. CUSTER HAS ABOUT FOUR ARROWS RAMMED POINT FIRST INTO THE TOP OF HIS HEAD HERE AS HE BLUNDERS ACROSS THE PANEL FROM RIRGH TO LEFT. HE IS MAYBE PASSING DIRECTLY UNDER THE CINEMA AWNING OR SOMETHING ELSE THAT WOULD JUT OUT INTO THE STREET AT AROUND THE HEIGHT OF CUSTER'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS. ANYWAY, AS CUSTER PASSES UNDER IT, IT HITS SHAFT SQUARELY IN THE STOMACH AND SWATS HIM OFF OF CUSTERS HEAD AND SHOULDERS, THE ARROWS ALL SPILLING OUT OF HIS QUIVER AS HE FALLS.

F.X. (SHAFT COLLIDING WITH PROJECTION) : ***THWUDDD***

SHAFT : urrrff

PANEL 3.

IN THE FOREGROUND, SHAFT IS NOW GROVELLING ON THE SIDEWALK, TRYING DESPERATELY TO RECOVER AND DEFEND HIMSELF. BOW IN ONE HAND, HE REACHES OUT BLINDLY FOR THE NEAREST OF HIS FALLEN ARROWS AND PREPARES TO NOTCH IT INTO HIS BOW. LOOKING BEYOND SHAFT INTO THE BACKGROUND WE SEE CUSTER AS HE STOPS AND

PAGE 7.

PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

STARTS TO TURN, ABOUT TO COME RAMPAGING BACK TOWARDS THE FALLEN SHAFT AND TRAMPLE HIM INTO SUBMISSION. SHAFT LOOKS WORRIED AS HE FITS THE ARROW INTO HIS BOW. STARTING TO TURN AND RUN TOWARDS SHAFT FROM THE BACKGROUND, CUSTER STILL HAS THE LITTLE CLUMP OF ARROWS STICKING OUT OF THE TOP OF HIS HEAD.

CAPTION : Oh great. This is great. My arrows are EVERYWHERE, and CUSTER is coming back to finish me OFF.

CAPTION : Just have to grab whatever shaft is in REACH and hope it's something really POWERFUL...

PANEL 4.

SAME SHOT AS LAST PANEL, ONLY HERE CUSTER IS BEARING DOWN UPON US AND THE PROSTRATE SHAFT AT AN ALARMING SPEED FROM THE BACKGROUND. SHAFT, IN THE FOREGROUND, FIRES HIS ARROW. AS IT SAILS THROUGH THE AIR, IT EMITS A SHRILL WHISTLING NOISE. IT IS THE WHISTLE ARROW. SHAFT HAS A LOOK OF SICK DOOM ON HIS FACE AS HE REALISES.

F.X. (ARROW, WITH SHRILL MUSICAL NOTE ATTACHED) : ***THWEEET!***

CAPTION : I'm dead.

PAGE 8.

PANEL 1.

NOW ANOTHER FOUR PANEL PAGE, PROBABLY WITH THIS FIRST PANEL AS THE BIGGEST ONE. SHAFT IS DOWN AT THE BOTTOM, STILL SPRAWLING ON HIS BACK AMONGST THE FALLEN ARROWS. LOOKING IMMEDIATELY BEYOND HIM WE SEE THE TOWERING FORM OF CUSTER AS THE GIANT ROBOT BEARS DOWN ON THE HELPLESS SHAFT. IN THIS PANEL, THE TIMER ARROWS IN THE TOP OF CUSTER'S HEAD FINALLY DETONATE WITH A LOUD AND SPECTACULAR EXPLOSION THAT BLOWS CUSTER'S SMOOTH MANNEKIN HEAD TO BLACK AND SMOULDERING SPLINTERS. THE FLASH FROM THE EXPLOSION MAYBE LIGHTS UP THE WHOLE FOREGROUND SCENE HERE. SHAFT SHIELDS HIS EYES AS HE LIES THERE AT THE MONSTER'S FEET.

F.X. (EXPLOSION) : ***BUHWHOOOMPH***

PANEL 2.

NOW THE SMOKE OF THE IMMEDIATE EXPLOSION HAS CLEARED. WE SEE SEE CUSTER TAKE A FALTERING, STAGGERING STEP OR TWO, BUT HE NO LONGER HAS A HEAD. THERE'S ONLY A SMOULDERING AND BACKENED STUMP WHERE HIS EHAD ONCE WAS. DOWN ON THE GROUND IN FRONT OF THE ROBOT, SHAFT SCOOTS BACKWARDS, TRYING TO SCRABBLE UP TO HIS FEET AND GET OUT OF THE DECAPITATED ROBOTS WAY.

No Dialogue

PAGE 8.

PANEL 3.

SAME SHOT AS LAST PANEL, BUT NOW CUSTER FINALLY FALLS OVER IN AN INERT HEAP, SENDING UP CLOUDS OF DUST AS HE HITS THE STREET FACE FIRST...EXCEPT THAT HE NO LONGER HAS A FACE, OBVIOUSLY. SHAFT JUMPS BACK OUT OF THE WAY OF THIS HUGE AND CLATTERING COLLAPSE.

F.X. (CUSTER COLLAPSING) : ***THRRUNNCH***

PANEL 4.

NOW CUSTER IS VISIBLE, AT LEAST PARTLY, SPRAWLING DEAD ACROSS THE BACKGROUND OF THIS PANEL, THERE ON THE SIDEWALK WITH HIS EHAD EXPLODED AND HIS NECK STILL SMOKING. SHAFT STANDS ATOP THE BODY, GESTURING TO THE CROWDS OF PASSERS BY AS HE WAVES THEM ON. HE HAS A VAGUELY WORRIED LOOK ON HIS FACE...NOT SO MUCH ABOUT THE ROBOT OR THE DAMAGE THAT IT HAS CAUSED AS WORRYING ABOUT WHAT KIND OF A SAD INDIVIDUAL HE HIMSELF ACTUALLY IS AT HEART. THE PEOPLE VISIBLE IN THE FOREGROUND AND BACKGROUND JUST GAZE AT THE SMOULDERING, FALLEN ARTISTS' MANNEKIN WITH EXPRESSIONS OF AWE AND BEMUSEMENT.

SHAFT : Okay, everybody, move ALONG. There's nothing to SEE...

CAPTION : Oh well. At least rebuilding CUSTER gives LEONARD something to DO. Poor KID, stuck in his WHEELCHAIR like that...

CAPTION : I bet at least HE wishes he had Saturday nights like MINE. My life's GREAT in comparison to HIS. It HAS to be.

CAPTION : Doesn't it?

PAGE 9.

PANEL 1.

A FOUR PANEL PAGE, BEING THE FIRST PAGE OF THE EIGHT PAGE BIG BROTHER SEQUENCE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE CUT ABRUPTLY TO LEONARD'S WORKSHOP. WE HAVE A HIGH OVERHEAD VIEW LOOKING DOWN TOWARDS THE WORKSHOP FLOOR FROM UP NEAR THE IMMENSELY HIGH CEILING. WE LOOK DOWN THE IMPOSING LENGTH OF AT LEAST A COUPLE OF THE VARIOUSLY-SIZED BIG BROTHER ROBOTS, DOWN TO THE WORKSHOP FLOOR BELOW WHERE, VERY SMALL, WE SEE LEONARD'S WHEELCHAIR AS HE SCOOTS IT ACROSS THE LAB TO SOME SORT OF ARTICULATED HYRDAULIC PLATFORM DEVICE OVER TO THE WORKSHOP'S FAR SIDE, A SMALL AND ISOLATED FIGURE HERE.

No Dialogue

PANEL 2.

NOW IT IS SOME TIME LATER. WE SEE LEONARD'S CHAIR ENCLOSED WITHIN THE ARTICULATED LIFTING DEVICE, WHICH HAS RAISED LEONARD AND HIS CHAIR UP SO THAT HE CAN DO SOME RETOUCHING WORK UP NEAR THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS SECTION OF THE BIGGEST BIG BROTHER. WE SEE PART OF THE GIANT ROBOT'S HEAD FILLING THE BACKGROUND HERE, ALTHOUGH SINCE IT IS THE SIDE OF THE HEAD IT

PAGE 9.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

NEEDN'T BE INSTANTLY FAMILIAR HERE AS ANYTHING OTHER THAN A WALL OF COPPERY MEAL. LEONARD'S HYDRAULIC CRANE-CHAIR IS SWIVELLING IN FROM THE LEFT FOREGROUND. LEONARD LEANS FORWARD IN IT, WEARING A WELDERS MASK, AND TRAINS SOME SORT OF HIGH TECH OXY ACETYLENE CUTTING TORCH UPON THE WALL OF METAL. HE SEEMS TO BE USING THE TORCH TO SCORE A NEAT ZIG-ZAG LINE PATTERN INTO THE METAL FOR SOME REASON, WITH SPARKS FLYING EVERYWHERE AS HE DOES SO. (LEONARD IS IN FACT TEMPORARILY CUSTOMIZING THE BIGGEST BIG BROTHER ROBOT READY FOR A BIG DATE WITH SUPREMA. AS PART OF THIS, HE IS GIVING THE GIANT ROBOT THE EQUIVALENT OF ONE OF THOSE COOL-LOOKING RAZOR STRIPE PATTERNS THAN PEOPLE GET SHAVED INTO THE BACK OR SIDES OF THEIR HEAD.) WE CAN'T REALLY GET A CLEAR IDEA OF WHAT LEONARD IS DOING HERE, AND WON'T DO UNTIL WE SEE THE FIRST GOOD FULL SHOT OF BIG BROTHER ON PAGE TEN.

CAPTION : I spent all day getting ready, messing with different outfits and accessories. Even gave myself some razor-stripes. Maybe they look stupid, I don't know.

CAPTION : This is embarrassing, being so nervous. I'm acting like this is my first date.

CAPTION : Uh...

CAPTION : Actually, skip that. I forget where I was going with that one.

PANEL 3.

NOW WE HAVE CHANGED ANGLE AND LEONARD, STILL IN HIS CRANE-LIFT WHEELCHAIR, IS DOING SOMETHING DIFFERENT. WE ARE STILL UP NEAR THE EHAD AND SHOULDERS OF THE BIGGEST BIG BROTHER, BUT NOW WE SEE ONLY A LITTLE OF THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD AS HE FACES US OVER OFF THE EXTREME LEFT OF THE PANEL, WITH HIS SHOULDER RUNNING ALONG THE BOTTOM OF THE PANEL MAYBE. WE CAN'T SEE HIS FACE HERE, AND WHAT WE ARE MAINLY FOCUSSED ON IS ONE OF THOSE TALL EXHAUST STACKS THAT EMERGE FROM THE GIANT ROBOT'S BACK. WITH HIS EXTENDABLE CHAIR-LIFT PROTRUDING INTO THE PANEL FROM THE RIGHT HAND SIDE, WE SEE SAMMY WEARING SOME SORT OF BREATHER-MASK AS HE HOLDS SOME HIGH TECH AND SOPHISTICATED POLLUTION-SENSING EQUIPMENT OUT OVER THE EXHAUST PIPE, STUDYING THE READINGS ON THE DIALS ATTACHED TO THE CONSOLE IN HIS LAP WITH A CONCERNED EXPRESSION.

CAPTION : Even so, this is pretty desperate behaviour. I cleaned my face until I could, uh, see my face in it.

CAPTION : I used a lemon-fragranced bleach to hose down under the arms. I mean, like, gallons of the stuff.

CAPTION : I even checked to see my breath was fresh.

PANEL 4.

NOW ANOTHER SHOT LOOKING DOWN TOWARDS THE WORKSHOP FLOOR FROM AN ELEVATED ANGLEV. THIS TIME, WE ARE LOOKING DOWN THE LOWER REACHES OF BIG BROTHER'S LARGEST BODY AS IT TAKES OFF,

PAGE 9.

PANEL 4. (FROM OVER)

FILLING THE LAUNCH PAD AREA OF THE WORKSHOP WITH BILLOWING ROCKET-SMOKE. AS WE LOOK DOWN INTO THIS, WE CAN SEE THE ELDERLY BUT ELEGANT FIGURE OF WAXEY DOYLE STANDING DOWN BELOW US ON THE WORKSHOP FLOOR, LOOKING UP TOWARDS US AND CUPPING HIS HAND TO HIS MOUTH AS HE CALLS SOMETHING OUT TO US WHILE WE TAKE OFF. HE WAVES HIS WALKING CANE FOR EMPHASIS AS HE SHOUTS SOMETHING TO US.

CAPTION : We'd arranged to meet someplace secluded. Waxey, my fister-dad, asks when I'll be back, whether I'll be out all night. You know.

CAPTION : He's even shouting this father-son sex advice stuff when I activate my booster-rockets.

CAPTION : "Say her hair's nice. Don't scratch your privates."

CAPTION : Man, I hope she shows up.

PAGE 10.

PANEL 1.

A FULL PAGE PANEL NOW, SERVING AS A SPLASH PAGE FOR THIS LITTLE EIGHT PAGE ROMANTIC INTERLUDE. IN THIS BIG FULL PAGE PANEL WE ARE SUDDENLY UP ON THE SILVERY AND LUMINESCENT SURFACE OF THE MOON, WITH THE SWIRLING GREEN JEWEL OF THE EARTH HANGING UP IN THE STAR-SCATTERED SKY THAT FILLS THE BACKGROUND. UP TOWARDS THE LEFT FOREGROUND SOMEWHERE, SITTING ON THE RIM OF A GIANT CRATER, FOR ALL THE WORLD AS IF HE WERE A TEENAGER SITTING ON THE CINEMA STEPS WAITING FOR HIS DATE TO SHOW UP, WE SEE THE IMMENSE FORM OF BIG BROTHER, HIS ELBOWS RESTING ON HIS KNEES AND HIS FINGERS MAYBE LACED TOGETHER IN A BORED KIND OF WAY. HE HAS CUSTOMIZED HIS SHELL TO THE POINT WHERE IT IS ELEGANT BORDERING ON THE RIDICULOUS. NOT ONLY ARE THERE THE ZIG-ZAG RAZOR-STRIPE LIKE MARKS SCORED ON HIS HEAD, BUT HE'S ALSO ADDED CHEVROLET VTYPE FINS HERE AND THERE AND OTHER TOUCHES. ITS LIKE THE GIANT ROBOT EQUIVALENT OF GETTING DRESSED UP FOR A DATE. HE TILTS BACK HIS HUGE HEAD AND LOOKS UP AS FROM THE STAR-FLOODED BACKGROUND SKY, SUPREMA DESCENDS LIGHTLY, FEET FIRST, OVER TO THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE HERE, HER CAPE HER HAIR AND PROBABLY HER SKIRT SWIRLING UP ABOUT HER AS HE DROPS DOWN INTO VIEW, KEEPING HER LUNAR DATE APPOINTMENT WITH BIG BROTHER. THE BIG BROTHER LOGO...WHICH I THINK WE USED BEFORE IN ISSUE #2...IS TOWARDS THE TOP SOMEWHERE, WITH THE OVERALL ISSUE TITLE AND HE ACTAUL CHAPTER TITLE DOWN BELOW THAT SOMEWHERE. WHEREVER THEY LOOK BEST TO YOU, BASICALLY.

LOGO : ***BIG BROTHER***

OVERALL ISSUE SUBTITLE : **BOYS' OWN STORIES 2 :**

CHAPTER TITLE : ***THE GIRL OF HIS DREAMS***

PAGE 11.

PANEL 1.

NOW A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE INSIDE THE CONTROL CABIN OF THE BIGGEST BIG BROTHER ROBOT, WITH LEONARD SITTING MAYBE HALF FIGURE FACING AWAY FROM US TOWARDS A WALL OF SCREENS IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND. ON THE SCREENS IN FRONT OF HIM, WHICH MORE OR LESS FILL THE TECHNO-CLUTTERED BACKGROUND HERE, THERE ARE DIFFERENT CAMERA IMAGES OF SUPREMA AS SHE HOVERS SMILING IN FRONT OF THE HUGE ROBOT, JUST ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE MOON. MOST OF THE CAMERA'S SHOW DIFFERENT VIEWS OF SUPREMA'S FACE, BUT WE CAN SEE THAT LEONARD HAS A COUPLE TRAINED ON HER THIGHS AND CLEAVAGE. HE LOOKS VAGUELY GUILTY ABOUT THIS AS HE SITS IN THE FOREGROUND. SUPREMA SMILES SUBLIMELY ON THOSE SCREENS WHICH SHOW HER ABOVE THE NECK.

LEONARD : Suprema. Uh, hi. So. You GOT here.

SUPREMA ON SCREEN (CRACKLE) : Well of COURSE I did. Why WOULDN'T I? Are you picking up my THROAT TRANSMITTER okay?

SUPREMA ON SCREEN (CRACKLE) : Listen, Leonard, you look GREAT. You customized your CASING and EVERYTHING! I can't believe you went to all that trouble just for ME.

PANEL 2.

NOW AN EXTERIOR SHOT, LOOKING OUT ACROSS THE BEAUTIFUL ALIEN SURFACE OF THE MOON. THE BIG BROTHER ROBOT, OVER TO OUR LEFT, STANDS UP STIFFLY AND AWKWARDLY FROM THE CRATER RIM WHERE HE WAS SITTING TO ADDRESS SUPREMA, WHO JUST HOVERS THERE IN THE AIR IN FRONT OF HIM, HER CAPE ODDLY STIFF AND TWISTED IN THE DECREASED LUNAR GRAVITY, POSED AS IF SHE WERE TREADING WATER.

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Uh...

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Your hair's nice.

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE. WE ARE NOW BEHIND SUPREMA AS SHE HOVERS THERE IN THE AIR IN FRONT OF US, WITH BIG BROTHER'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS MORE OR LESS FILLING THE BACKGROUND HERE AS THEY FACE EACH OTHER. BEHIND BIG BROTHER'S HUGE HEAD AND SHOULDERS THERE ARE ONLY THE DISTANT STARS AGAINST THE VELVET OF THE INTERPLANETARY NIGHT. SUPREMA HOVERS FACING AWVA IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND HERE, WHILE BIG BROTHER FACES US FROM THE RIGHT BACKGROUND.

PAGE 11.

PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

SUPREMA (CRACKLE) : Oh, THANK you. You noticed I'd had it STYLED.

SUPREMA (CRACKLE) : Hey, I thought maybe tonight we could EAT first, then go see a MOVIE...

SUPREMA (CRACKLE) : Leonard, what are you SCRATCHING at?

BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Uh...just adjusting one of my lower CASEMENT FITTINGS. Food and a MOVIE sounds good, though. You KNOW anywhere?

PANEL 4.

CHANGE ANGLE AGAIN. NOW WE ARE JUST BEHIND THER MID SECTION OF THE NOW STANDING BIG BROTHER, SO THAT WE SEE HIS MID SECTION FACIN AWAY FROM US ENTERING THE PANEL OVER ON THE LEFT FOREGROUND. HIS HANDS ARE MAYBE CLASPED AWKWARDLY BEHIND HIS BACK. LOOKING PAST HIM TO THE NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND BEYOND HIM, WE SEE SUPREMA HOVERING THERE AGAINST THE NIGHT. SHE SMILES WITH A CONFIDENT AND KNOWING LOOK AS SHE REPLIES.

SUPREMA (CRACKLE) : HA HA HA HA!

SUPREMA (CRACKLE) : Leonard, I'm SUPREMA.

SUPREMA (CRACKLE) : I know EVERYWHERE.

PAGE 12.

PANEL 1.

ANOTHER FOUR PANEL PAGE NOW. WE CUT TO A GIAGNTIC ALIEN RESATRANT, SOMEWHERE IN ANOTHER SOLAR SYSTEM. THE ACTUAL RESTAURANT IS ALL AROUND US, THE SIZE OF A MEGA-CATHEDRAL. THE ROUND TABLES, OF VARIOUS SIZES, SEEM TO BE HELD UP MY SOME SORT OF ANTIGRAVITY DEVICES ATTACHED TO THEIR UNDERSIDE, ALLOWING THEM TO FLOAT AT DIFFERENT LEVELS ABOVE THE RESTAURANT FLOOR, SOME DISTANCE BELOW. THE CHAIRS (ALSO OF VARYING SIZES TO SUIT THE BROAD RANGING ALIEN CLIENTEL) ARE ALSO ANTI-GRAVITY POWERED AND FLOAT NEAR THE TABLES. THE TABLE THAT IS CENTRAL TO OUR FIRST PANEL HERE IS PRETTY BIG. IN A HUGE FLOATING CHAIR TO OUR LEFT OF IT SITS THE HIGE BIG BROTHER ROBOT, WHILE IN A SMALLER FLOATING CHAIR OVER TO OUR RIGHT LOUNGES SUPREMA. FLOATING BESIDE EACH FLOATING CHAIR IS A LARGE FLOATING TECHNO-SPHERE OF SOME KIND. CABLES TRAIL FROM THESE SPHERES TO PADS ATTACHED TO THE HEADS OF THE SEATED DINERS (WHO FROM THE ASSORTMENT WE SEE SITTING AT TABLES IN THE FOREGROUND AND BACKGROUND, COME FROM A LURID ASSORTMENT OF ALIEN RACES). ALIEN WAITERS WITH ANTI GRAVITY BACKPACKS GLIDE SERENELY BETWEEN THE FLOATING TABLES, CARRYING TRAYS ON WHICH REST THE TECHNO-SPHERES THAT ALL OF THE SEATED DINERS ALREADY HAVE FLOATING BESIDE THEM, ATTACHED TO THEIR HEADS.

PAGE 12.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Wow. RIGELIAN RYKK'S RESTAURANT OF RECOLLECTION. I can't believe we got in on a Saturday night without BOOKING!

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Uh...actually, I never heard of this place. What IS it?

SUPREMA : It's called MNEMONIC CUISINE. These machines feed our NERVOUS SYSTEMS with MEMORIES of notable MEALS.

SUPREMA : As a STARTER, I'm remembering Arcturan AIRWHALES devouring GEESE.

PANEL 2.

CLOSE IN ON THE COUPLE NOW, SEATED TO EITHER SIDE OF THEIR GIANT FLOATING RESTAURANT TABLE, WITH THE TECHNO SPHERES FLOATING IN THE AIR BESIDE THEM AND THE TRAILING CABLES ATTACHED TO THEIR HEADS. SUPREMA'S EYES ARE CLOSED IN BLISSFUL REVERIE. MAYBE HER HANDS PLAYS OVER A CONSOLE OF SWITCHES IN THE ARM OF HER CHAIR AS SHE PROGRAMMES A NEW VIRTUAL MEAL FOR THE PAIR OF THEM. BIG BROTHER, LOUNGING IN HIS CHAIR OVER TO THE LEFT, LOOKS EQUALLY BLISSFUL AND RELAXED.

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Incredible. A complete virtual EXPERIENCE. I'm starting with a ROMAN FEAST from the EARTH menu. Man, I can smell the INCENSE.

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Uh..how are we PAYING for this, incidentally?

SUPREMA : Don't worry. I saved this space-sector from HYPERWORMS once.

SUPREMA : Listen, let's SHARE our next MEMORY APPETISER. Maybe another from the EARTH menu...

PANEL 3.

CUT TO THE GARDEN OF EDEN. OVER IN THE BACKGROUND WE SEE A HUGE PYTHON LIKE SNAKE CURLED SYMBOLICALLY AROUND AN APPLE TREE. UP IN THE FOREGROUND, STILL STANDING TO THE LEFT AND RIGHT RESPECTIVELY, WE SEE LEONARD AND SUPREMA. THEY ARE BOTH NAKED (EXCEPT LEONARD IS STILL WEARING HIS SPECTACLES, AND ONLY VISIBLE FROM THE WAIST UP, HALF FIGURE. BETWEEN THEM THEY ARE HOLDING A BIG RED APPLE, WITH A BITE TAKEN OUT OF EITHER SIDE. LEONARD (WHO IN THE VIRTUAL SIMULATION IS STANDING WITHOUT THE AID OF A CHAIR) LOOKS AT THE APPLE IN MUTE AMAZEMENT. SUPREMA, RAISING HER FREE HAND TO COVER HER BREASTS, LOOKS STARTLED AT THIS SUDDEN TRANSFORMATION. ALL AROUND THEM, THE PARADISIACAL WILDLIFE FLUTTERS AROUND THE HEAVENLY GARDEN.

SUPREMA : Oh.

SUPREMA : Goodness.

PAGE 12.

PANEL 4.

NOW WE ARE BACK IN REALITY, IN THE ALIEN RESTAURANT, FOR A PANEL VERY MUCH LIKE PANEL TWO ON THIS PAGE. OVER ON THE LEFT, BIG BROTHER SITS UP IN HIS MASSIVE FLOATING CHAIR AND TOUCHES ONE HUGE HAND TO HIS HEAD AS IF THE EXPERIENCE HAS MADE HIM DIZZY. TO THE RIGHT, SUPREMA ALSO SITS FORWARD IN HER CHAIR, OPENING HER EYES AND REACHING UP TO UPLUG THE CABLE-PADS FROM HER TEMPLES. COLOR HAS RISEN TO HER CHEEKS AND SHE LOOKS A BIT BREATHLESS AND EXCITED.

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Uh...wow.

SUPREMA : Y-Yes. Yes, wasn't it?

SUPREMA : Leonard, you know, suddenly I feel HOT in here. Why don't we go see that MOVIE now?

SUPREMA : I, uh, I know this really cosy little DRIVE-IN...

PAGE 13.

PANEL 1.

ANOTHER FOUR PANEL PAGE. THIS FIRST PANEL IS A LONGSHOT SHOWING NEARLY AN ENTIRE SOLAR SYSTEM, WITH THE HUGE SUN OVER TOWARDS THE LEFT BACKGROUND HERE. HOWEVER, HOVERING IN ORBIT AROUND THE SUN IS AN UNBELIEVABLY MASSIVE SPACE STATION TYPE THING. IT HAS A GIGANTIC SET OF LENSES ATTACHED TO IT, THROUGH WHICH IT IS FOCUSSING THE LIGHT OF SUN BEYOND IT INTO A SINGLE BEAM. THIS IS SOMEHOW PROJECTING MOVIE IMAGES UPON A GIANT PLANET THE SIZE OF JUPITER, OVER TOWARDS THE RIGHT OF THE PANEL HERE. SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE SUN AND THE PLANET THAT IS BEING USED AS A SCREEN WE CAN SEE A COUPLE OF OTHER MINOR PLANETS, PERHAPS, AND ALSO, MORE IMPORTANLY, A RING OF ASTEROIDS. THESE ARE ALMOST ANALAGOUS TO THE PARKED CARS AT THE DRIVE IN THEATRE, BUT WE'RE TOO FAR AWAY TO SEE THEM AS ANYTHING BUT ASTEROIDS HERE. BIG BROTHER AND SUPREMA'S BALLOONS BOTH ISSUE FROM THIS ASTEROID BELT, EVEN THOUGH WE CAN'T SEE EITHER OF THEM FROM THIS DISTANCE.

BROTHER (CRACKLE, FROM ASTEROID) : A solar system-sized CINEMA with PLANETS for SCREENS and PROJECTION LENSES orbiting the SUN! Suprema, you've gotta admit, this is pretty UNBELIEVABLE!

BROTHER (CRACKLE, FROM ASTEROID) : Anyway, how does the SOUND work in airless SPACE?

SUPREMA (CRACKLE) : There's individual SPEAKERS in these ASTEROID-SEATS.

SUPREMA (CRACKLE) : Leonard, I notice you've put your ARM around me.

PANEL 2.

CLOSE IN ON THE PAIR OF THEM, SEATED ON AN ASTEROID THAT HAS

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

BEEN CARVED TO PROVIDE A HUGE SEAT. BIG BROTHER, MOSTLY OFF PANEL, SITS OVER TO OUR LEFT OF THE SEAT AS THE TWO OF THEM FACE US. WE ONLY SEE A LITTLE OF HIS SIDE..HIS HIP OR SOMETHING...AND ONE OF HIS HANDS AND FOREARMS REACHING DOWN TO ENTER THE PANEL FROM OFF-PIC ABOVE. THIS IS DRAPED AS CASUALLY AS HE CAN MANAGE AROUND THE SHOULDER OF SUPREMA, WHO IS SEATED NEXT TO HIM. SINCE HOWEVER SHE'S THE SIZE OF A PYGMY SHREW NEXT TO HIM, IN EFFECT THIS MEANS THAT SHE HAS A HAND THE SIZE OF A CAR RESTING AGAINST HER, FORCING HER TO TILT OVER AWKWARDLY TO ONE SIDE. SHE LOOKS VERY UNCOMFORTABLE. LEONARD'S CRACKLE BALLOON ISSUES DOWN INTO VIEW FROM OFF PANEL ABOVE LEFT.

BROTHER (CRACKLE, OFF, ABOVE) : Uh, yeah. Yeah. God, I'm sorry. I guess I'm RUSHING things, right?

SUPREMA (CRACKLE) : Leonard, it's not THAT, it's just that your ARM'S the size of a JET FUSELAGE.

SUPREMA (CRACKLE) : You know, you COULD always invite me up into your CABIN...

PANEL 3.

NOW A HALF FIGURE SHOT OF BIG BROTHER, STILL SEATED ON HIS ASTEROID SEAT. HE RAISES ONE HAND UP TOWARDS HIS CHEST, WITH SUPREMA STANDING ON HIS PALM. THERE IS AN OUTWARD EXPLOSION OF GAS AND AIR AS HE OPENS THE AIRLOCK DOOR IN HIS CHEST TO ALLOW SUPREMA ADMITTANCE. LOOKING BEYOND BIG BROTHER AND SUPREMA INTO SPACE WE SEE THE OTHER ASTEROIDS THAT CIRCLE NEARBY. THEY ALL HAVE DIFFERENT ALIEN VEHICLES VPARKED ON THEM, WATCHING THE OFF PANEL DRIVE IN MOVIE THAT'S BEING PROJECTED UP ON A PLANET.

BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Uh, yeah, I would have. I mean I'll open the AIRLOCK.

BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Y-You do realise the SCREENS in here are kind of SMALL. I mean, compared to a PLANET.

SUPREMA (CRACKLE) : Oh, Leonard, as if THAT matters! They're only showing a bunch of subtitled Denebian TENTACLE-BOXING epics that everyone's seen already.

PANEL 4.

NOW WE CUT TO THE INTERIOR CABIN OF THE BIG BROTHER ROBOT. SEATED UP TOWARDS THE LEFT FOREGROUND IN HIS WHEELCHAIR, LEONARD GAZES TOWARDS THE NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND, WHERE WE SEE THE AIRLOCK DOORS OPENING WITH A LITTLE BURST OF COMPRESSED GAS. STANDING FRAMED IN THE AIRLOCK DOOR, LOOKING VERY SEXY, IS SUPREMA. SHE HAS TAKEN OFF HER CAPE, MAYBE, SO THAT IT TRAILS FROM ONE HAND ONTO THE FLOOR. SHE SMILES. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, LEONARD ADJUSTS HIS SPECTACLES AND LOOKS

PAGE 13.

PANEL 4. (FROM OVER)

FRANKLY STUNNED. HE CLEARLY CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING TO HIM.

SUPREMA : I mean, NOBODY comes here for the MOVIES.

PAGE 14.

PANEL 1.

NOW A SIX PANEL PAGE, PROBABLY WITH SIX SAME SIZED PANELS. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE GET A LONGSHOT OF BIG BROTHE RSITTING ALONE ON HIS ASTEROID SEAT. ALL AROUND HIM ARE PARKED ALIEN SACECRAFT AND FLYING SAUCERS, MAYBE SOME WITH ALIENS VISIBLY NECKING INSIDE OF THEM. ALL THE CRAFTS AND BIG BROTHR ARE FACING OFF PANEL TO THE RIGHT, THE LIGHT OF THE GIGANTIC OFF PANEL SCREEN WASHING OVER THEIR FACES. BIG BROTHER SITS CALMLY AND SILENTLY, HIS GREAT HANDS RESTING PLACIDLY ON HIS KNEES.

No Dialogue

PANEL 2.

CUT TO INSIDE BIG BROTHER'S CONTROL CABIN FOR A CLOSE UP OF LEONARD AND SUPREMA AS THEY LIE TOGETHER ON SOME SORT OF RECLINING SEAT, WRESTLING TOGETHER, LIPS LOCKED IN A SURPRISINGLY PASSIONATE OPEN MOUTHED KISS. SUPREMA HAS REMOVED LEONARD'S SPECTACLES AND IS CONSIDERATELY REACHING OUT BLINDLY (BOTH THEIR EYES ARE CLOSED) TO SET THEM DOWN ON SOME SURFACE UP IN THE FOREGROUND. THEY LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GETTING PRETTY INTENSE ABOUT THINGS.

No Dialogue

PANEL 3.

NOW WE CUT TO THE EXTERIOR OF THE BIG BROTHER CRAFT AGAIN. IN THIS PANEL WE SEE THE JUPITER SIZED PLANET THAT IS BEING USED AS A SCREEN AS IT HANGS FACING US FROM THE BACKGROUND. PROJECTED UP ON IT FROM THE OFF PANEL SUN-PROJECTOR, ARE BRIEF PHRASES IN TWO OR THREE DIFFERENT AND EQUALLY UNRECOGNIZABLE ALIEN TYPEFACES, AND ALSO THE WORDS *"THE END"* IN ENGLISH. BETWEEN US AND THE GIANT PLANET IN THE BACKGROUND WE SEE THE BELT OF ASTEROIDS STRUNG OUT ACROSS THE FOREGROUND, QUITE SMALL. WE CAN, HOWEVER, MAKE OUT THE SMALL SEATED FIGURE OF BIG BROTHER ON ONE OF THE ASTEROIDS, SITTING IN THE SAME POSITION AS PANEL ONE ON THIS PAGE AND FACING AWAY FROM US SLENTLY AND MOTIONLESSLY TOWARDS THE HUGE PLANET IN THE BACKGROUND AS THE COSMIC CREDITS ROLL.

No Dialogue

PAGE 14.

PANEL 4.

CUT BACK TO THE INTERIOR OF BIG BROTHER AGAIN, WHERE WE SEE LEONARD AND SUPREMA, WHO HAVE EVIDENTLY SATISFACTORILY CONCLUDED THEIR NECKING SESSION, AT LEAST FOR THE TIME BEING. SUPREMA, UP IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, SITS FACING US, MAYBE HALF FIGURE. SHE SMILES WITH QUIET, PRIVATE SATISFACTUION AS SHE REATTACHES HER CAPE AND STRAIGHTENS HER HAIR. SITTING OVER INTHE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND, LEONARD ALSO PULLS HIMSELF TOGETHER. HE PRETENDS TO BE NONCHALANTLY CLEANING HIS GLASSES, BUT HE TOO LOOKS PRETTY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF.
No Dialogue

PANEL 5.

NOW ANOTHER EXTERIOR SHOT IN OUTER SPACE. HERE, WE SEE THE PLANET EARTH HANGING IN THE BACKGROUND, BEAUTIFULLY ENSHROUDED BY CLOUDS AND WEATHER. STREAKING AWAY FROM US TOWARDS IT FROM THE FOREGROUND WE SEE BIG BROTHER'S HUGE FORM AND SUPREMA'S SMALLER ONE. MAYBE THEY COULD BE HOLDING HANDS AS THEY RETURN HOME, IF THAT LOOKS GOOD.
No Dialogue

PANEL 6.

NOW WE HAVE A SHOT OF THE CLOUDY NIGHT TIME STRATOSPHERE ABOVE THE CITY OF OMEGAPOLIS. FLOATING AGAINST THE NIGHT SKY OVER TOWARDS THE RIGHT, WE HAVE THE ELABORATE GOLDEN BULK OF THE ***CITADEL SUPREME***. THE LANDING PLATFORM WHERE SUPREME USUALLY LANDS IS JUTTING OUT TOWARDS THE LEFT. STANDING ON IT, MAYBE IN SILLHOUETTE AS THEY PAUSE OUTSIDE THE CITADEL DOORS, WE SEE THE SMALL FIGURE OF SUPREMA WITH HER CAPE RIPPLING BEHIND HER, AND THE MUCH LARGER FIGURE OF BIG BROTHER AS HE STANDS THERE ON THE PLATFORM GAZING QUIETLY DOWN AT HER.
SUPREMA : So.
SUPREMA : Would you, uh...
SUPREMA : Would you like to come in for COFFEE?

PAGE 15.

PANEL 1.

A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE NOW INSIDE THE SOFTLY LIT CITADEL SUPREME, INSIDE THE BIZARRE CURIO-FILLED EXPANSE OF THE SOUVENIR GALLERY SUPREME. TO THE LEFT OF OUR PANEL HERE, THE GIANT BIG BROTHER GLANCES IN MILD CURIOSITY AT THE GIANT STUFFED FIGURE OF STUPENDO THE SIMIAN SUPREME AS HE WALKS PAST IT, HEADING TOWARDS OUR RIGHT AS HE FOLLOWS SUPREMA. SHE IS FLYING THROUGH THE AIR ABOE THE EXHIBITS, HEADING TOWARDS THE SPIRAL STAIRWELL SUPREME WHICH WE MAYBE SEE WINDING UPWARDS IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND SOMEWHERE.

PAGE 15.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Thanks. Sally, tonight's been AMAZING. You know, you have this REPUTATION for being sort of....

SUPREMA : PRISSY? Leonard, in the 'SIXTIES, I dated a HORSE. Granted, he was actually an enchated PRINCE, but who'd beleve THAT?

SUPREMA : Listen, my room's just up the STAIRWELL SUPREME. We'll have to be QUIET...

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE, SO THAT WE'RE NOW LOOKING UP THE LAST FEW FEET OF THE AFOREMENTIONED STAIRWELL SUPREME. TOWARDS THE LEFT FOREGROUND, BIG BROTHER'S GIANT FORM IS JUST LABURING UP THE LAST FEW STEPS TOWARDS THE HUGE LANDING LEADING OFF FROM THEM. SUPREMA, TO OUR RIGHT OF THE BACKGROUND, IS ALREADY ON THIS LANDING AND IS JUST SEEN HERE FACING AWAY FROM US, ATTEMPTING TO UNLOCK A LARGE BEDROOM DOOR THAT RUNS OFF FROM THE LANDING. BOTH SHE AND BIG BROTHER ARE FACING AWAY FROM US HERE, THE BALLOON BELONGING TO ***SUPREME*** ISSUES FROM OFF PANEL BEHIND BOTH OF THEM IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND.

BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Well, I'll do my BEST.

BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Sally, look, I ought to tell you that I reallu haven't DONE this sort of thing much...

SUPREME (OFF, F/G) : What sort of thing is THAT, youngster?

SUPREME (OFF, F/G) : Hi, Sally.

PANEL 3.

NOW, IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, WE CAN SEE SUPREME'S FEET AND LOWER LEGS AND ALSO THE HEM OF HIS SCARLET CAPE AS HE HANGS JUST OFF PANEL ABOVE US IN THE FOREGROUND, HOVERING THERE AND FACING AWAY FROM US, NOT VISIBLE ABOVE THE KNEES. IN THE BACKGROUND, WE SEE SUPREMA AND THE HUGE BIG BRTHER BOTH TURNING TO LOOK UP AT SUPREME. THEY BOTH LOOK EQUALLY SURPRISED AND EMBARRASSED, AS IF THEY'VE JUST BEEN CAVUGVHTV DOINGV SOMETHING THEY SHOULDN'T BE DOING.

SUPREMA : Oh. Supreme.

SUPREMA : BIG BROTHER, this is my, uh, my big BROTHER. Leonard was just calling by for COFFEE...

BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Uh, yeah. That's, uh, that's what I haven't DONE much. Drink COFFEE. I...I have ALLERGIES. And I'm HYPERACTIVE. And, uh...

BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Look, I guess I should be GOING around now, right?

PANEL 4.

IN TIS LAST PANEL, WE ARE OUT ON THE REAR OBSERVATION PLATFORM WHERE SUPREME AND EVERYBODY ALWAYS LAND, LOOKING OUT FROM ITS REAR AND PAST ITS EDGE TO THE NIGHT SKY BEYOND. IN THE RIGHT

<u>PAGE 15.</u>

PANEL 4. (FROM OVER)

FOREGROUND, STANDING FACING INBTO THE PANEL, WE CAN SEE THE MIDDLE SECTION OF SUPREME, HIS HUGE ARMS FOLDED ACROSS HIS HUGE CHEST IN A RESOLUTE KIND OF WAY, HIS HEAD AND SHOULDERS OFF PANEL ABOVE. MORE TOWARDS THE CENTRE OF THE PANEL, STANDING AT THE EDGE OF THE PLATFORM WE SEE SUPREMA, HER HAIR CAPE AND SKIRT RIPPLING IN THE NIGHT BREEZE. SHE HAS ONE HAND RAISED TO WAVE A FOND FAREWELL TO BIG BROTHER, WHO WE SEE SOARING AWAY UP INTO THE NIGHT IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, BUT SUPREMA HAS HER HEAD TURNED TO GAZE BACK AT THE MOSTLY OFF PANEL SUPREME IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, SHOOTING HER BROTHER A LOOK OF ANGRY TEENAGE RESENTMENT. IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, BIG BROTHER TURNS TO WAVE BACK TO SUPREMA AS HE TAKES OFF INTO THE STARRY NIGHT. THE LIGHTS OF DISTANT CITIES ARE MAYBE VISIBLE FAR BELOW.

No Dialogue

<u>PAGE 16.</u>

PANEL 1.

NOW A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE CUT TO JUST INSIDE THE GATES OF YOUNGBLOOD MANSION, WITH A LOW ANGLED SHOT LOOKING UPWARDS FROM DOWN IN THE SPACIOUS LAWNS, WITH THE GATES THEMSELVES VISIBLE SOMEWHERE OVER IN THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND. IN THE FOREGROUND WE SEE THE WEARY AND BEDRAGGLED FIGURE OF ***SHAFT***, WHO IS DRAGGING THE INERT, HEADLESS AND STILL SMOULDERING BODY OF THE PRACTICE ROBOT CUSTER ACROSS THE LAWN IN THE DIRECTION OF THE OFF PANEL MANSION, OVER TO OUR RIGHT. DROPPING DOWN FROM THE SKY IN THE UPPER LEFT BACKGROUND, CLEARLY INTENDING TO LAND FEET FIRST ON THE LAWN NEAR SHAFT, WE SEE BIG BROTHER WITH THE RETRO ROCKETS FLARING FROM THE BOTTOM OF HIS BOOTS AS HE DESCENDS FROM THE STARRY NIGHT SKY.

No Dialogue

PANEL 2.

NOW A HIGH ANGLES SHOT LOOKING DOWN. BIG BROTHER HAS LANDED, AND WE ARE LOOKING DOWN OVER HIS SHOULDER AS HE STANDS LOOKING DOWN IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, GAZING AT SHAFT IN THE LOWER RIGHT BACKGROUND AS THE ARCHER LOOKS BACK UP AT BIG BROTHER. THE DEAD WOODEN PRACTICE DUMMY LIES ON THE LAWN BY SHAFT'S FEET AS SHAFT GAZES UP ENQUIRINGLY AT BIG BROTHER. WE STILL CANNOT SEE THE MANSUION HERE.

BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Hi. Need any HELP with that?

SHAFT : NAH. The POLICE hauled it most of the way here for me. Hey, I thought you were supposed to be going OUT tonight?

SHAFT : I mean, I called the mansion EARLIER to see if LINDA was back, and there was no REPLY.

SHAFT : Didn't you tell me that the mansion was being looked after

by...

PANEL 3.
NOW WE HAVE SHAFT AND BIG BROTHER STANDING FULL FIGURE ON THE LAWN FACING AWAY FROM US IN THE FOREGROUND TOWARDS THE MANSION WHICH WE CAN SEE IN THE BACKGROUND. SHAFT AND BIG BROTHER ARE ALMOST CAST INTO SILHOUETTE HERE BY THE BRIGHT LIGHT BEYOND THEM. THIS IS BECAUSE ONE END WING OF THE MANSION IS IN FLAMES, BLAZING AWAY STEADILY AGAINST THE NIGHT.
SHAFT : ...Johnny...?

PANEL 4.
CHANGE ANGLE. WE ARE LOOKING AT SHAFT AND BIG BROTHER FROM THE FRONT AS THEY STAND THERE SIDE BY SIDE, THE DEAD AND HEADLESS PRACTICE ROBOT CUSTER SPRAWLING AT THEIR FEET, GAZING IN DUMBFOUNDED AMAZEMENT AT THE OFF PANEL FIRE IN THE FOEREGROUND, ITS RED LIGHT WASHING OVER THEIR FACES AS IT ILLUMINATES THEM FRM THE FRONT HERE.
BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Jeez. Looks like I'm gonna have a hot night AFTER all.
SHAFT : I was just thinking the same THING.
SHAFT : You know, this team has a DRUG PROBLEM. Unfortunately, we left him minding the HOUSE.
SHAFT : Jeez. I mean, what sort of quiet night in has he HAD?

PAGE 17.
PANEL 1.
FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE IN THE CHEMISTRY-AND-HOLOGRAM LAB OF JOHNNY PANIC SOMEWHERE IN YOUNGBLOOD MANSION, SOME TIME EARLIER THAN THE EVENTS DEPICTED ON PAGE SIXTEEN. IN THE FOREGROUND, ON A LAB BENCH, IS A LARGE GLASS CHEMICAL ARRANGEMENT, WITH A BIG AND BULBOUS GLASS RETORT FLASK SOMEWHERE CENTRAL, WITH LIQUID DISTILLING INTO IT. LEANING ON THE BENCH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS FLASK IS JOHNNY PANIC, HIS HEAD RESTING INDOLENTLY ON HIS HAND. WE SEE HIS FACE THROUGH THE SWOLLEN AND DISTORTING GLASS OF THE FLASK, SO THAT HE LOOKS COMICALLY DEFORMED; MESSED UP BEFORE HE'S EVEN TAKEN ANY DRUGS.
No Dialogue

PANEL 2.
NOW CHANGE ANGLE AND PULL BACK FOR A FULL FIGURE SHOT OF JOHNNY AS HE SITS BESIDE THE LAB BENCH WITH THE RETORTS AND TUBES AND STUFF SET UP ON IT. THERE IS ALSO MAYBE A PORTABLE TAPE RECORDER RESTING ON THE WORK SURFACE, WHICH JOHNNY IS PRESUMABLY SPEAKING INTO HERE. HE SITS ON A STOOL, AND HE HAS HIS BIZZ GUN OUT OF ITS HOLSTER. HE AIMS IT AT HIS OWN LEFT ARM FROM A COUPLE OF INCHES AWAY, USING IT AS A GLORIFIED

PAGE 17.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

HYPODERMIC SYRINGE AS HE TRIES OUT THE NEW DRUG HE'S DEVELOPED. MAYBE HE GRIMACES SLIGHTLY AS THE TINY DART GOES IN.

JOHNNY : Okay, it's early EVENING, around seven p.m., and I'm commencing TESTS with these new DRUGS I developed.

JOHNNY : The first one is a REACTION-ENHANCING drug called ZTD-12, so I'll be able to react double-FAST when I'm ON it.

JOHNNY : There's no anticipated SIDE EFFECTS, so here GOES...

F.X. (BUZZGUN) : ***Ptoof***

PANEL 3.

NOW AN EXTREME LONGSHOT WITH JOHNNY AS A FAIRLY SMALL FIGURE SEATED AT THE BENCH IN THE BACKGROUND AND THE WEIRD APPARATUC OF HIS LAB LOOMING UP AROUND US IN THE FOREGROUND. AS WE SEE JOHNNY, HE IS JUST GIVING HIMSELF YET ANOTHER SHOT IN THE ARM WITH THE BUZZ GUN.

JOHNNY : Hmm. An immediate RUSH. I feel very FAST and CAPABLE. No time to WASTE!

JOHNNY : May as well get on and test that SECOND drug right AWAY, the COGNITIVE ENHANCER, to make me SMARTER.

JOHNNY : Again, there's no anticipated CONTRA-INDICATIONS, so I should be FINE.

F.X. (BUZZGUN) : ***Ptoof***

PANEL 4.

CLOSE IN FOR A HEAD AND SHOULDERS OR HALF FIGURE SHOT OF JOHNNY FROM THE FRONT AS HE RISES TO HIS FEET. HE STROKES HIS CHIN PENSIVELY, LOOKING THOUGHTFUL. HE ALSO LOOKS A BIT OUT OF WHACK: AROUND HIS HEAD THERE ARE LITTLE POPPING AND EXPLODING STARBURSTS TO INDICATE A SOMEWHAT FUZZY STATE OF ALTERED CONSCIOUSNESS.

JOHNNY : HA! ANOTHER immediate effect! I feel smarter ALREADY!

JOHNNY : In FACT, straight AWAY it occurs to me that while these drugs don't have side-effects INDIVIDUALLY, I may have been hasty in COMBINING them.

JOHNNY : What do YOU think? Am I worrying to much, or what?

PAGE 18.

PANEL 1.

A FULL PAGE SPLASH NOW FOR JOHNNY'S PART OF THE STORY. WE SEE JOHNNY STANDING IN HIS LAB, WITH THE WEIRD EQUIPMENT FILLING THE BACKGROUND DECORATIVELY. JOHNNY STANDS TO THE RIGHT OF THE FOREGROUND, LOOKING DOWN WITH A SMILE TOWARDS THE LEFT OF THE FOREGROUND. IN THE LEFT OF THE FOREGROUND, LOOKING RIGHT BACK UP AT JOHNNY, WE SEE *SPARKY*. SPARKY LOOKS LIKE A KIND OF CROSS BETWEEN ROBIN, BUCKY, SPEEDBOY AND EVERY OTHER

PAGE 18.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

KID SIDEKICK YOU'VE EVER HATED: DOMINO MASK, CAPE, BARE LEGS, BUTTON-ACROSS TUNIC WITH A LITTLE 'S' MONOGRAM AND LITTLE PIXIE SHOES. SPARKY IS ACTUALLY AN HALLUCINATION, SO HE SHOULDN'T LOOK QUITE REAL. MAYBE HE'S SORT OF A BRIGHT TRANSPARENT BLUE ALL OVER, AND EVEN SLIGHTLY TRANSPARENT IN PLACES, WITH A GLOWING BLUE AURA ALL AROUND HIM. HE SMILES UP WINNINGLY AT JOHNNY, WHO SMILES BACK DOWN AT HIM. THE LOGO, SUB-LOGO, OVERALL ISSUE SUBTITLE AND CHAPER TITLE ALL GO DOWN TOWARDS THE BOTTOM SOMEWHERE.

SPARKY : Hey, don't SWEAT it, J.P! You're still number one in MY book!

JOHNNY : Thanks, SPARKY...and YOU'RE the best PARTNER that a superhero ever HAD!

LOGO : *JOHNNY PANIC*

SUB-LOGO : ***and Introducing SPARKY, the Boy Hallucination.***

OVERALL ISUE TITLE : **Boys' Own Stories 3:**

CHAPER TITLE : *BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY.*

PAGE 19.

PANEL 1.

NOW A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE HAVE JOHNNY LOOKING A BIT DAZED AND CONFUSED AS HE STANDS IN HIS LAB FACING TOWARDS US SOMEWHERE IN THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND. HE LOOKS AT SPARKY QUESTIONINGLY, AS IF UNCERTAIN. TOWARDS THE RIGHT FOREGROUND WE SEE SPARKY, LOOKING CHEERFUL AND PERKY AS HE REPLIES. HE IS POINTING OFF PANEL RIGHT AS HE URGES JOHNNY TO ACCOMPANY HIM ON THEIR ANTI-CRIME PATROL. JOHNNY STILL LOOKS WOOZY AND STONED, MAYBE TOUCHING ONE HAND TO HIS SPINNING HEAD AS IF TO STEADY IT.

JOHNNY : Uh...actually, Sparky, how long have we been TOGETHER now? I'm having trouble REMEMBERING...

SPARKY : Why, ever since you ADOPTED me! My PARENTS and I were origninally champion T.V. family QUIZ CONTESTANTS, but a booby-trapped ANSWER-buzzer KILLED them!

SPARKY : Say, shouldn't we be out fighting CRIME on our PANIC PATROL?

PANEL 2.

NOW WE HAVE COME OUT OF JOHNNY LAB AND ARE IN SOME NORMAL, PLUCH LOOKING CORRIDOR OF THE MANSION. IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, WALKING ALONG AND TALKING TO AN EMPTY POINT ABOUT FIVE FEET OFF THE GROUND BESIDE HIM, WE SEE JOHNNY. HE IS TALKING TO THE EMPTY SPACE WITH AN EARNEST EXPRESSION AS HE WALKS ALONG THE CORRIDOR, GESTURING SINCERELY AS HE DOES SO. SPARKY IS NOT AT ALL VISIBLE. IN THE RIGHT FOEEGROUND, ROUGHLY HEAD AND SHOULDERS, WE SEE WAXEY DOYLE, WHO IS CLEARLY ALOS OUT WALKING THROUGH THE MANSION CORRIDORS. HE SPOTS JOHNNY

PAGE 19.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

OVER IN THE BACKGROUND...JOHNNY HASN'T NOTICED WAXEY AT ALL, STILL DEEP IN CONVERSATION WITH HIS INVISIBLE IMAGINARY FRIEND. WAXEY LOOKS AT JOHNNY WITH A SLIGHT PUZZLED FROWN.

JOHNNY : Of COURSE! How could I FOGET?

JOHNNY : Being a SUPERHERO, sometimes you lose your sense of DIRECTION and need someone to remind you what its all ABOUT.

JOHNNY : I-I guess what I'm saying is that, well, Sparky, sometimes I think if I didn't have YOU...

JOHNNY : ...well, I think I might go CRAZY, y'know?

PANEL 3.

NOW A FLOOR LEVEL SHOT. WALING DOWN THE CORRIDOR AWAY FROM US INTO THE BACKGROUND, BOTH FULL FIGURE, WE SEE THE BLUE AND GLOWING SPARKY TO OUR LEFT AND JOHNNY WALKING ALONG BESIDE HIM TO OUR RIGHT. TO THE EXTREME RIGHT OF THE FOREGROUND, JUST ENTERING INTO VIEW FROM OFF PANEL RIGHT, WE SEE THE SHOES AND LOWER LEGS OF WAXEY DOYLE, ALONG WITH THE END OF HIS WALKING CANE, AS HE STEPS INTO VIEW OVER ON THE RIGHT OF THE PANEL, APPROACHING JOHNNY FROM BEHIND.

SPARKY : Don't WORRY, J.P! I'll ALWAYS be around! I mean, it's not like I'm going to dies TRAGICALLY and UNEXPECTEDLY or anything!

SPARKY : For ONE thing, I BALANCE your grim, obsessive DARK VIGILANTE nature with my own LIGHTER approach.

SPARKY : Also, I'm handy to TALK to, for PLOT exposition.

JOHNNY : Ha ha! That's RIGHT...

PANEL 4.

CHANGE ANGLE SO THAT WE'RE NOW IN FRONT OF JOHNNY WHO FACES US ROUGHLY HEAD AND SHOULDERS ON THE RIGHT, JUST STARTING TO TURN WITH A PUZZLED FROWN AND GLANCE TOWARDS THE NEAR LEFT BEACKGROUND BEHIND HIM OVER HIS SHOULDER, WHERE WE SEE THE SMILING AND URBANE WAXEY APROACHING JOHNNY FROM THE REAR, CALLING OUT TO HIM AS HE DOES SO. JOHNNY, ON THE RIGHT, HASN'T REALLY HAD TIME TO TURN ROUND AND REGISTER WAXEY'S PRESENCE YET. JOHNNY STILL LOOKS STONES, WITH LITTLE POPS AND BLIPS AND STARBURSTS ROUND HIS CRANIUM. WE CANNOT SEE SPARKY IN THIS PANEL.

WAXEY : What's right?

WAXEY : Listen, I saw LEONARD before he blasted OFF, dressed to KILL, and he said YOU were minding YOUNGBLOOD MANSION.

WAXEY : I just wanted to tell you to take special care of the new LIMO I had delivered. It's out FRONT, just up the DRIVE a little.

WAXEY : Uhh...Johnny?

PAGE 20.

PANEL 1.

NOW A THREE PANEL PAGE, WITH THIS FIRST PANEL THE BIGGEST, MAYBE TAKING UP THE TOP HALF OF THE PAGE. JOHNNY AND THE BLUE AND GLOWING SPARKY STAND FACING AWAY FROM US IN THE FOREGROUND IN ATTITUDES OF EXTREME ALARM AS THEY GAZE TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND. IN THE BACKGROUND, BILLOWING UP MENACINGLY FROM CLOUDS OF BLACK SMOKE, WE SEE AN EVIL AND DEMONIC BAD-TRIP VERSION OF *WAXMAN* IN FULL COSTUME BUT ABOUT FIFTEEN FEET HIGH AND LOOKING DEMONIC AND EVIL. HIS WAX GUN DRIPS POISONOUS LOOKING SLIME AS HE CONFRONTS JOHNNY AND SPARKY, AND HIS WORD BALLOONS HAVE A WEIRD LOOKING WAVERY EDGE.

JOHNNY : YAAAAAAAA!

WAXMAN (WEIRD) : I...blasted..LEONARD....KILL...YOUNGBLOOD...

WAXMAN (WEIRD) : I just wanted...to take SPECIAL care...of YOU..Johnny....

PANEL 2.

NOW JOHNNY AND SPARKY ARE MORE TOWARDS THE LEFT, FULL FIGURE. AT SPARKY'S EXCITED URGING, JOHNNY RAISES HIS BUZZ GUN AND FIRES A FEW DARTS AT THE GIANT, CAPED DEMONIC FIGURE IN THE RIGHT NEAR BACKGROUND. THE DARTS, UNSURPRISINGLY, SEEM TO PASS HARMLESSLY THROUGH THE GIANT PHANTOM. JOHNNY STILL LOOKS STONED AND CONFUSED AS TO EXACTLY WHAT IS GOING ON.

SPARKY : Holy GAUCAMOLE, J.P! It's your Arch-Nemesis BARON TALLOW! Better blast him full of DARTS before he uses his WORRISOME WAX WEAPONRY on us!

JOHNNY : Uhh, yeah. Blast him full of DARTS. Good IDEA...

F.X. (BUZZGUN) : ***Ptoof Ptoof Ptoof***

WAXMAN (WEIRD) : I'm...a ...MAD...VILLAIN...bent...on...HAVOC...

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE AND SEE THE SAME SCENE FROM WAXEY'S POINT OF VIEW. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, A TERRIFIED WAXEY TURNS AND FLEES, WITH JOHNNY'S DARTS WHISTLING THROUGH THE AIR AROUND HIS HEAD. HE YELLS IN TERROR. JOHNNY STANDS IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND, LOOKING STONED AS HE RAISES HIS BUZZ GUN AND FIRES IT AT WAXEY. SPARKY IS NOWEHERE TO BE SEEN, SICE WE'RE MORE OR LESS SEEING THIS PANEL THROUGH WAXEY'S EYES, AND HE'S ON NOTHING MORE HALLUCINOGENIC THAT A COUPLE OF SCOTCH AND SODAS.

JOHNNY : Uhh, yeah. Blast him full of DARTS. Good IDEA...

F.X. (BUZZGUN) : ***Ptoof Ptoof Ptoof***

WAXEY : AAA! It's ME! I'm WAXEY! Are you MAD? I'm not a VILLAIN!

WAXEY : HELP, somebody! One of the KIDS is bent out of shape on DRUGS, and he's causing HAVOC!

PAGE 21.

PANEL 1.

A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE BACK IN JOHNNY LURID HALLUCINATION, WHERE WE SEE JOHNNY AND SPARKY, OVER ON THE LEFT, CHASING THE GIGANTIC AND EVIL SPECTRE OF WAXMAN THROUGH THE MANSION, WITH WAXMAN OVER ON THE RIGHT AND HEADING RIGHT, WITH SPARKY AND JOHNNY IN HOT PURSUIT, JOHNNY STIKLL FIRING HIS BUZZ GUN AT THE ESCAPING FIGURE. WAXMAN SEEMS TO BE HEADED FOR LEONARDS ENGINEERING WORKSHOP, THE ENTRANCE OF WHICH WE CAN SEE OVER ON THE RIGHT HERE.

SPARKY : AFTER him, Man of MEDICATION! He's probably planning to steal an experimental DEVICE and cause Global DESTRUCTION!

JOHNNY : Jeez. That'd be BAD, right?

JOHNNY : Don't WORRY, Sparky! I'll bring him down before he gets far!

F.X. (BUZZGUN) : ***Ptoof Ptoof***

WAXMAN (WEIRD) : ...dangerous...LUNATIC...going..to...destroy...EVERYTHING...

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE IN LEOANRD'S WORKSHOP, WITH A COUPLE OF THE SMALLER BIG BROTHER CASINGS LOOMING UP IN THE BACKGROUND, AS SPARKY AND JOHNNY CHASE THE GIAGNTIC VILLAINOUS WAXMAN THROUGH THE WORKSHOP AREA, WITH WAXMAN RUNNING AWAY INTO THE BACKGROUND OVER ON THE LEFT. SPARKY, ALREADY HURRYING AFTER THE ESCAPING VILLAIN FROM THE CENTRE OF THE PANEL, LOOKS BACK TOWARDS JOHNNY, WHO IS IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND. LOOING DAZED AND STONED, JOHNNY IS PICKING UP SOME WEIRD JACK KIRBY SUPER HIGH-TECH RAYGUN FROM A WORK BENCH IN THE FOREGROUND. (THIS IS ALSO AN HALLUCINATION INCIDENTALLY. WHAT JOHNNY IS ACTUALLY PICKING UP IS ONE OF LEONARD'S WELDING TORCHES.

WAXMAN (WEIRD) : ...king DEMENTED....berserk RAMPAGE....

SPARKY : Your DARTS don't seem to be AFFECTING him, WIRED WONDER! Why don't you try that prototype HYPER-THERMO-HEAT-O-RAY there on the WORKBENCH?

JOHNNY : Uhh...the Hyper-Thermo-HEAT-O-Ray? Sure...

PANEL 3.

BACK IN REALITY. WAXEY, LOOKING TERRIFIED, HURRIES TOWARDS US IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, COMING OUT OF THE FAR SIDE OF THE WORKSHOP AND BACK INTO THE NORMAL PLUSH PASSAGEWAYS OF THE MANSION. HE SHOOTS A TERRIFIED GLNCE BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER TO THE LEFT BACKGROUND WHERE WE SEE A DAZED LOOKING JOHNNY COME STUMBLING AFTER WAXEY IN PURSUIT, WAVING A FLAMING, HISSING WELDING TORCH IN ONE HAND. SPARKY IS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN.

F.X. (WELDING TORCH) : ***Fsssssshhhhhhh...***

JOHNNY : I'm COMING for you, Baron Tallow! Your candle-connected-crimes are OVER, and....huh? What's that?

JOHNNY : HA HA HA! Yeah, I guess we WILL gve him some

"WHACKS"!

JOHNNY : Good one, Sparky!

WAXEY : AAAA! Oh GOD, he's INSANE...

PANEL 4.

NOW WE ARE BACK IN THE HALLUCNATION. WE SEE THE GIANT DEMONIC WAXMAN AS HE RUNS OUT OF THE MANSION THROUGH ITS OPEN FRENCH WINDOWS AND ONTO THE NNIGHT-DARKENED DRIVE OUTSIDE. THIS IS OVER ON THE LEFT HERE. SPARKY IS FOLLOWING HOT ON WAXMAN'S HEELS, TOWARDS THE CENTRE OF OUR PANEL HERE, WITH JOHNNY RUNNING INTO VIEW AS HE FOLLOWS SPARKY AND WAXMAN, OVER ON OUR FAR RIGHT HERE AND HEADING LEFT AS HE CALLS OUT HIS WARNING TO SPARKY, AHEAD OF HIM. JOHNNY IS CARRYING THE WEIRD JACK KIRBY HYPERWEAPON WE SAW IN PANEL TWO, WITH MAYBE A PLUME OF CRACKLING AND DANGEROUS LOOKING JACK KIRBY BLACK-DOT-ENERGY COMING OUT OF THE BUSINESS END INSTEAD OF THE ACETYLENE FLAME THAT'S REALLY THERE.

WAXMAN (WEIRD) : ...twelve STEPS....right AWAY...zero TOLERANCE...

SPARKY : He's making a BREAK for it, Crazed CRUSADER! Since I'm CLOSEST to him, I've no choice but to try capturing him MYSELF!

JOHNNY : Sparky, NO! You're too YOUNG to take on our most deadly foe ALONE!

<u>PAGE 22.</u>

PANEL 1.

ANOTHER FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE STILL IN JOHNNY'S HALLUCINATION, BUT WE ARE NOW OUTSIDE THE MANSION. UP THE SLOPING DRIVE WAY TO THE LEFT WE SEE A STRANGE AND FUTURISTIC CRAFT THAT IS PARKED FACING US AND THE MANSION, WHICH IS OVER ON THE RIGHT. THE GIGANTIC WAXMAN IS RUNNING UP THE SLOPE TOWARDS THE STRANGE CRAFT, AND IS NOW CARRYING THE STRUGGLING SPARKY UNDER HIS ARM. SPARKY CALLS OUT IN ALARM TO JOHNNY, WHO IS FOLLOWING HIM OUT OF THE MANSION FROM OVER ON THE RIGHT, STILL HOLDING THE CRACKLING KIRBY-WEAPON.

SPARKY : *>CHOKE!<* H-He's GOT me, J.P! And I was RIGHT....

SPARKY : He's heading for our experimental Z-WING-ULTRA-FUTURO-FIGHTER! In the hands of an unnamed FOREIGN POWER, it could cause CHAOS!

JOHNNY : The experimental Z-WING-ULTRA-FUTURO-FIGHTER? That FIEND! I have to STOP him...

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE AND SWITCH BACK TO REALITY. FROM THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND, JOHNNY COMES STAGGERING UP THE SLOPE TOWARDS US, WAVING THE BLAZING, HISSING WELDING TORCH. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND WE SEE A TERRIFIED LOOKING WAXEY DOYLE AS HE OPENS THE DOOR OF HIS EXPENSIVE LOOKING BRAND NEW PARKED LIMO AND TRIES TO GET IN AND DRIVE IT AWAY BEFORE THE DERANGED JOHNNY REACHES IT.

JOHNNY : ...even if I must DESTROY the vehicle to stop it falling into enemy HANDS!
F.X. (WELDING TORCH) : *fffssssssssshhhhhh...*
WAXEY : Oh NO! Oh please, God, not the LIMO! I gotta MOVE it...

PANEL 3.
BACK IN JOHNNY'S HALLUCINATION, WE ARE NOW INSIDE THE ABSURDLY HIGH TECH AND FURURISTIC LIKE INTERIOR OF A KIRBYESQUE "EXPERMENTAL VESSEL" . AN ENRAGED LOOKING JOHNNY LEANS IN THROUGH THE WINDOW WITH THE KIRBY LIKE HIGH TECH HEAT WEAPON IN ONE HAND, SPRAYING ENERGY DOYS EVERYWHERE. OVER TO OUR RIGHT, WE SEE A FRIGHTENED LOOKING EVIL WAXMAN AS HE OPENS THE DOR ON THE OTHER SIDE AND ATTEMPTS TO CLIB OUT OF THE VEHICLE THAT WAY. SPARKY IS SOMEWHERE INSIDE THE VEHICLE TOWARDS THE MIDDLE, POINTING EXCITEDLY TOWARDS WAXMAN AS THE VILLAIN MAKES HIS ESCAPE OVER TO THE RIGHT.
JOHNNY : You're FINISHED, villain! Locking the COCKPIT of the Z-WING-ULTRA-FUTURO-FIGHTER is useless against my HPER-THERMO-HEAT-O-RAY!
JOHNNY : Now, if you've harmed on hair on the HEAD of that crazy, brave, spunky kid...
SPARKY : Look OUT, TOXIFIED TITAN! He's removed the HAND-BRAKE! This craft is taking OFF!
WAXMAN (WEIRD) : ...IT!...Goddamn...out of here....

PANEL 4.
BACK IN REALITY. THE LIMO, ITS HANDBRAKE OFF, ROLLS DOWN THE SLOPING DRIVE TOWARDS THE MANSION IN THE NEA BACKGROUND. JOHNNY HAS DROPPED THER WELDING TORCH INSIDE THE ROLLING CAR, WHICH IS NOW ON FIRE. BOTH JOHNNY AND WAXET STAND WATCHING THE BURNING CAR ROLL TOWARDS THE MANSION WITH DIFFERENT EXPRESSIONS OF WIDE EYED HORROR AND FROZEN DISBELIEF.
JOHNNY : Oh NO! I dropped the HYPER-THERMO-HEAT-O-RAY, and Sparky's still IN that thing!
JOHNNY : SPARKY! Bail OUT, kid, while there's still TIME!
WAXEY : Oh God, it's ROLLING! It's rolling towards the MANSION!

<u>PAGE 23.</u>
PANEL 1.
NOW WE ARE BACK IN THE HALLUCINATION. IN A SCENE THAT PASSINGLY RESEMBLES THE KIRBY "DEATH OF BUCKY" SCENE FROM AVENGERS #4, WE ARE INSIDE THE EXPERIMENTAL VEHICLE OR LOOKING IN THROUGH THE FRONT WINDSCREEN AS IT ROLLS INEXORABLY TOWARDS US. SPRAWLED HEAD FIRST OVER THE FRONT SEATS AND REACHING TOWARDS US WITH A LOOK OF TERROR ON HIS BRAVE YOUNG FACE WE SEE THE BLUE AND GLOWING SPARKY. THE INTERIOR OF THE VEHICLE IS ONE FIRE, BUT UP IN THE FOREGROUND WE CAN SEE A LARGE AND CONSPICUOUS BOMB-LIKE DEVICE WITH A TIMER, WHICH THE

PAGE 23.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

DESPERATE LOOKING SPARKY IS REACHING FOR HERE. OUT THROUGH THE SIDE WIDNOW OF THE HYPER-VEHICLE WE CAN SEE A FRANTIC LOOKING JOHNNY AS HE RUNS A FEW PACES BEHIND THE MOVING CRAFT, CALLING OUT HELPLESSLY FOR SPARKY TO SAVE HIMSELF.

SPARKY : Th-This looks BAD, J.P! That TALLOW-TWISTED TYRANT has RIGGED this crate with s-some sort of a BOMB!

SPARKY : I-I think I can still DEFUSE it in time...

JOHNNY : NO, SPARKY! Sparky, throw yourself CLEAR, lad, before it's too...

PANEL 2.

BACK IN REALITY. IN THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND THE BURNING CAR HITS THE MANSION, MAYBE PLOUGHING INTO THE MANSION THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW, AND EXPLODES AS THE PETROL TANK CATCHES FIRE. INTHE RIGHT FOREGROUND, BOTH JOHNNY AND WAXEY RAISE THEIR HANDS TO SHIELD THEIR FACES NFROM THE SUDDEN RUSH OF LIGHT AND HEAT.

F.X. (EXPLOSION) : ***BUHVWHOOOOM***

JOHNNY : ...late....

PANEL 3.

ITS NOW SOME FEW MOMENTS LATER, AND WE CHANGE ANGLE. THE FIRE FROM THE BURNIGN CAR WRECK AND THE BUILDING THAT IT HAS SET LIGHT TO ARE UP IN THE FOREGROUND. WE LOOK THROUGH THEM TO WHERE A STUNNED AND DISBELIEVING JOHNNY STANDS STARING INTO THE FLAMES TOWARDS US FROM A FEW FEET AWAY. HIS INCREDULOUS EYES ARE STARTING TO BRIM WITH TEARS AS HE GAZES INTO THE FLAMES. MORE TO OUR RIGHT AND FURTHER BACK THAN JOHNNY WE SEE WAXEY DOYLE. HE ALSO STANDS STARING INTO THE FLAMES, SLACK JAWED WITH DISBELIEF. BIG BROTHER'S CRACKLE EDGED BALLOON ISSSUES FROM OFF PANEL RIGHT BEHIND THE TWO OF THEM, OVER IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND.

JOHNNY : S-SPARKY?

JOHNNY : Sparky, SAY something, little guy!

WAXEY : My limo. My mansion. Tell me I'm dreaming...

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE, OFF) : Hey, everybody! What's UP?

PAGE 24.

PANEL 1.

A FINAL FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, OVER ON THE LEFT WE SEE BIG BROTHER, WHO HAS JUST ARRIVED, TOGETHER WITH SHAFT WHO IS STILL DRAGGING THE CUSTER PRACTICE DUMMY BEHIND HIM. THEY BOTH PAUSE ON THE LEFT AND LOOK WITH DISBELIEF TOWARDS THE RIGHT. WAXEY STANDS CENTRE PANEL, POINTING TOWARDS JOHNNY OVER ON THE FAR RIGHT AS WAXEY RANTS AND RAVES, ALMOST SPEECHLESS WITH ANGER. ON THE RIGHT, JOHNNY STANBDS

PAGE 24.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

WITH HIS BACK TO THE OTHERS, STANDING GAZING INTO THE FLAMES WITH HIS HEAD BOWED AND HIS HANDS UP COVERING HIS FACE IN A MELODRAMATIC POSE OF BEREAVEMENT.

SHAFT : Uh, yeah, we saw the FIRE, and...jeez. What HAPPENED?

WAXEY : I want him out of the TEAM1 I want him thrown in JAIL! In a RE-HAB!

WAXEY : He tried to SHOOT me! He set fire to my LIMO with a WELDING TORCH!

JOHNNY : Oh, SPARKY! Sparky, what have you DONE? Death, HERE is thy STING...

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE. WAXEY, BIG BROTHER AND SHAFT NOW STAND OVER TOWARDS THE LEFT BACKGROUND, LOOKING IN DEISBELIEF TOWARDS JOHNNY, WHO FACES US IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, HIS FACE LIT BY THE OFF PANEL FIRE. HE THROWS BACK HIS TREMBLING HEAD, TEARS STREAMING DOWN HIS CHEEKS, AND CLENCHES HIS FIST IN A STANDARD SORT OF NEAL ADAMA POSTURE OF COMIC BOOK MASCULINE ANGUISH. FROM THE LEFT BACKGROUND, THE OTHERS JUST STARE AT HIM.

WAXEY : You should have seen his EYES!

WAXEY : I haven't seen anything LIKE it since DR. TREMENDOUS of the LIBERTY BRIGADE accidentally took TWO of his TREMENDO PILLS in one 24-hour PERIOD...

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Uh, Dad, let it GO. It's OVER. It's OKAY...

JOHNNY : I-I'll never FORGET you, Sparky! I'll track down the rats who DID this and make them PAY!

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE SO THAT NOW BIG BROTHER, WAXEY AND ESPECIALLY SHAFT STAND FACING AWAY FROM US DUMBFOUNDED IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, LOOKING TOWARDS THE NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND WHERE THE WRECKED CAR AND THE MANSION ARE BURNING STEADILY. JOHNNY WHEELS ROUND TO LOOK ACCUSINGLY AT SHAFT AS SHAFT SPEAKS. THERE ARE TEAR TRACKS DOWN JOHNNY'S CHEEKS AND HE MAYBE POINTS AT SHAFT WITH A MELODRAMATIC COMIC BOOK LOOK OF DISTRAUGHT ACCUSATION.

SHAFT : Uh...who's SPARKY?

JOHNNY : Wh-Who's SPARKY? He was a plucky KID with a sunny SMILE who DIED to make this world SAFER, Mister, and don't you ever FORGET that!

JOHNNY : H-He was always ready with a cheerful PUN. He was a HERO. He was a MARTYR. But MORE than that....

PANEL 4.

THE MANSION AND WRECKED LIMO ARE BURNING TO THE RIGHT OF THE PANEL HERE. SHAFT, WAXEY AND BIG BROTHER STAND OVER TO THE LEFT, THERIR SHADOWS CAST OUT LONG BEHIND THEM IN THE STARK

FIRELIGHT. THEY TURN TO EACH OTHER AND SHRUG IN BEWILDERMENT. THEY HAVE NO IDEA WHAT JOHNNY IS TALKING ABOUT. MORE TOWARDS THE RIGHT, JOHNNY RAISES HIS HAND TRAGICALLY TO HIS BROW AS HE TURNS TO GAZE BACK, MOURNFULLY, INTO THE FLAMES.

JOHNNY : ...he was my Kid SIDE-EFFECT!

BIX (UNDER) : NEXT: ***TRUE GIRLS' ADVENTURES!***